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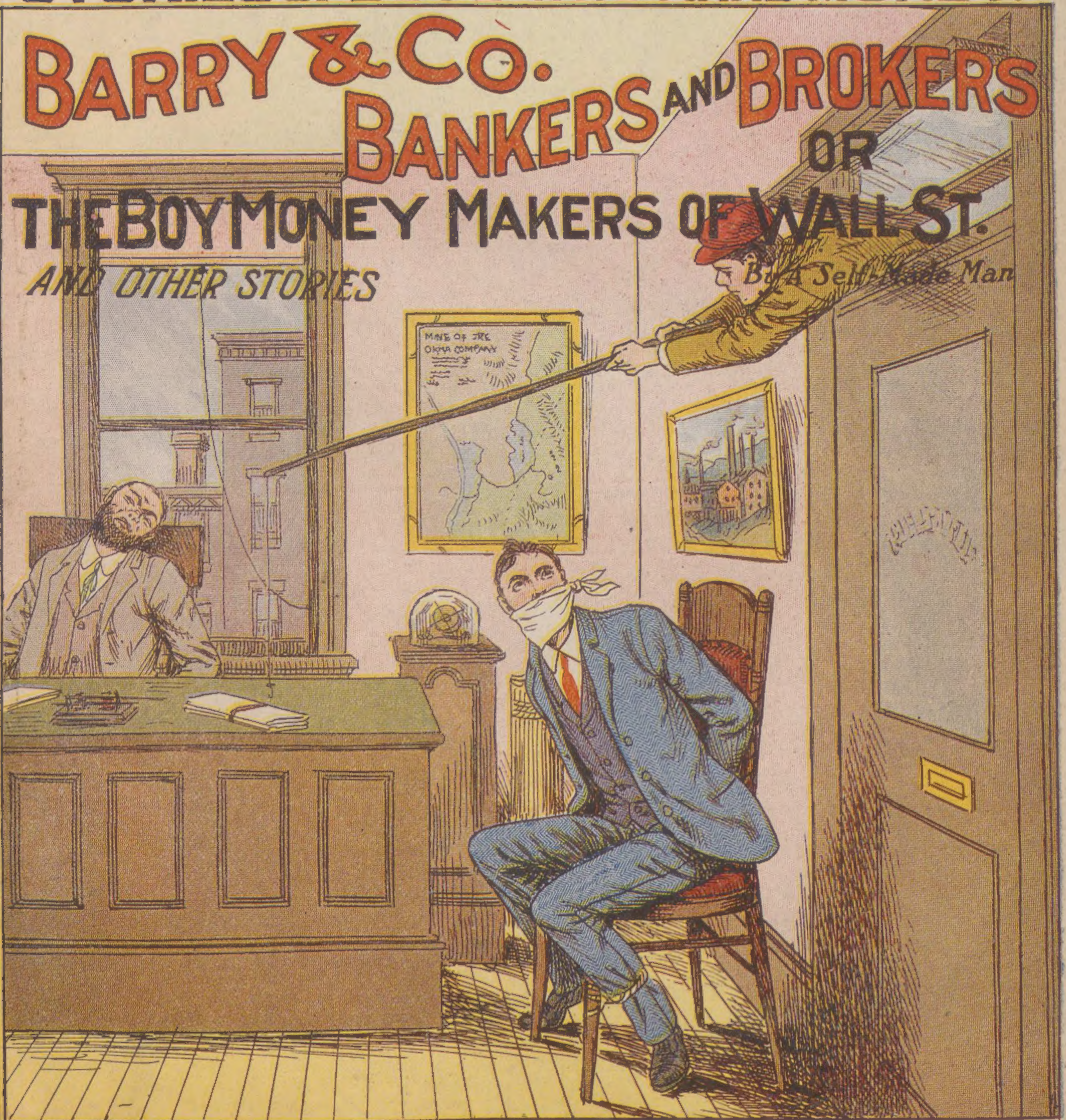
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

BARRY & CO.
BANKERS AND BROKERS

THE BOY MONEY MAKERS OF WALL ST.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



A noise at the transom attracted his attention. A long stick, to which was attached a line and a hook, shot over the table. The package of stock was fished up by the intruder whom Bob recognized as his partner, Sandy Maguire.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 436.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

BARRY & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS

—OR—

THE BOY MONEY-MAKERS OF WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

BOB BARRY AND HIS FRIEND SANDY MAGUIRE.

"Hello, Bob!"

"Hello, Sandy! What's the matter with you? You look like a boiled owl."

"I feel like one," replied Sandy Maguire.

"What's troubling you?" asked Bob Barry.

"The boss has just bounced me."

"The dickens he has!" ejaculated Bob, in surprise. "What for?"

"Caught me speculating again, and fired me short and sweet."

"That's rough on you. Still, it isn't as if you were down to hard pan. You have a few hundred soaked away in your stocking."

"It's all up on A. & C."

"And the boss found it out? How did he?"

"Henry Carter, the margin clerk, gave me away. He's down on me the worst way. He saw his chance to put me in bad, and he didn't let it get by him."

"He ought to be kicked."

"I'll fix him, don't you worry. I'll make him sorry for what he did."

"Come on and take a ride with me and we'll talk it over."

"Where are you going?"

"Southold, New Jersey."

"On business?"

"Sure. Do you suppose I'd go down there for fun at this time of the day, and in the middle of the week?"

"How much is the fare?"

"It won't cost you anything."

"Are you going to pay my way?"

"No. I'm not going by train."

"How, then?"

"In the boss' car. See it standing there?"

"Is he going to let you take it?"

"He told me to use it. He knows I can run it as good as any man in two shoes. Jump in, if you're going. We must be off, for it's quite a run."

Sandy didn't need a second invitation, but sprang on the off side of the front seat.

Bob shoved a hand-bag under the seat, then gave the crank a couple of turns, starting the engine, and took his seat.

It was fifteen minutes after three, and Wall Street was alive with the messengers and people passing up and down.

The car stood opposite the entrance of a big office building, where Bob Barry worked as general office assistant for the

Southern Investment and Development Co., Howard Fobley, president and general manager.

The company had been in existence for a year or so, and Bob had been with the corporation from the start.

It had a suit of expensive offices strung along the entire front of the third floor, overlooking Wall Street, and the furniture and furnishings were of the best obtainable, giving the company a very prosperous look.

Apparently the company was prosperous from the amount of money that came in daily in the shape of postal orders, express packages, registered letters, bank drafts and certified checks.

It was part of Bob's duty to collect the postal orders at the post-office, and just before three deposit the money, drafts and checks at the company's bank.

The total amount he put in the bank usually ran to five figures, and he noticed that when the book was balanced once a month it showed a large and increasing balance.

Bob got \$10 a week, and looked for a raise.

The cashier and clerks were well paid, and so were the twenty young lady stenographers and desk workers.

A situation with this company was looked upon as gilt-edged, though every one worked from nine till five, except on Saturday, the same as most employees in Wall Street, and had no idle moments.

Bob wasn't the only boy employed in the offices.

He was the most important one, though, being the president's confidential messenger, and assistant to the cashier.

It was no unusual thing for him to use Mr. Nobley's expensive car, a high-powered machine which could be geared up to make seventy miles an hour, but, of course, he only used it when told to take it.

On this particular afternoon the president called upon him to execute a special mission for the company, which was taking him to the country home of a rich man who lived on the outskirts of Southold, quite a distance down the New Jersey coast.

He could have gone by rail just as well, so far as reaching the place, but Mr. Nobley had his reasons for sending him in his car.

Possibly he thought it would make a better impression on the gentleman Bob was to call upon.

At any rate, the company made as much show as possible in its business, and that doubtless helped to impress Wall Street, as well as its patrons, with its solidity as a corporation.

Still, all that glitters isn't gold, as many people have found out to their cost.

Bob started up and ran the car at a slow pace up to Broadway, then up that thoroughfare, then down the first side street

to West street, and along that street to the Pennsylvania ferry house.

Securing ferry tickets, he sent the car on to the boat, where it stopped behind an express wagon.

During that short run Sandy Maguire went into the details of the matter which had cost him his job as messenger for Broker Heinz.

Sandy was a persistent little speculator, and had thereby amassed several hundred dollars through lucky ventures on the market.

Bob sympathized with him because he, too, speculated when the chance offered, and had already acquired about \$3,000 since he entered Wall Street four years since.

The first three years he had put in with a broker, who suddenly failed.

Then he caught on with the Southern I. & I. Co.

He considered his new position a snap.

He stood well with the president, who promised to raise him to \$15 shortly.

Bob was an uncommonly smart boy, and the fact had not escaped Mr. Nobley's notice.

Bob couldn't be too smart to suit Mr. Nobley, for as the company's business was expanding, he found more work of a confidential nature for the boy to attend to.

The president had hinted to him that the \$5 raise that was coming shortly would be supplemented by a similar raise later on if Bob deserved it.

Bob intended to deserve it, for he was out for all the money he could get.

"How are you going to get square with Carter now you're out of the office?" Bob asked Sandy, as the ferryboat started across the river.

"I haven't figured it out yet, but take it from me, I'll make the sneak regret what he did. He's no favorite in the office, anyway, and as I stood well with the office force, and as the clerks know he was the cause of my being bounced, he'll find himself more disliked than ever. If anything happens to him he won't get much sympathy from his office mates."

"Are you going to look for another position?"

"Sure, but I shall probably have some trouble catching on without reference from Heinz."

"I'd brace him for one, anyway. He had no fault to find with you as a messenger, had he?"

"No, but he's sore on me because I disobeyed his orders not to speculate."

"Never mind. I'll speak to Mr. Nobley and see if I can't get you a job with our company."

"I wish you would. It seems to me to be a good concern to work for."

"Bet your life it is."

"I heard Heinz say that he didn't take much stock in it."

"What does Heinz know about the company?"

"He told a customer one day he suspected it was a get-rich-quick corporation, and that he wouldn't be surprised to see it go up any day."

"Pooh! The company owns a big tract of land down in Florida, in the orange growing district, and is selling it off in small sections to people who have the money and energy to snap up a good thing when they see it. The company proposes to establish a series of orange and grape fruit plantations, and market the fruit for the growers on the commission basis. It will take three years for the first crop to develop, and after that all the growers have to do is to sit back and watch the money come in," said Bob, unconsciously quoting from one of the company's flowery circulars, spread broadcast throughout the country, with booklets filled with pictures, statistics and reading matter that made one's imagination tingle.

"Sounds good," grinned Sandy.

"You ought to read our booklets. They give the full particulars with illustrations of Florida scenery, pictures of orange groves already bearing and making their owners rich, and other things. Florida, you know, has the reputation of being an orange-growing State. Grape fruit and pineapples are also raised there. We have samples of both at our office. They come in every week during the growing season," said Bob.

At this point the boat ran into her slip, and presently the car was run ashore.

"Have you ever been in Southold?" asked Sandy.

"Never," answered Bob.

"How are you going to find your way there?"

"I've got a road map with the directions. When we leave this town we ride straight to Franklin, pass through the main

street, and go on, taking care to keep to the left of a certain church where there is a branch to the right."

"How fast will this car go?"

"Seventy miles an hour if put to it."

"Holy mackerel! That's more than a mile a minute."

"I shall not overspeed except I have a clear road ahead, with no cross-road indicated on the map, then I am likely to let out a few kinks."

"And get held up by a country constable if one sees us, which will mean a fine, or the night in a country jail. Better not take any chances."

"Don't worry. We'll go through all right."

They rolled up Montgomery street, turned off at a certain street, and in due course came out into the road.

Here Bob let her go at a thirty-mile gait, for the road was almost clear for some distance.

"This is what I call fine," said Sandy, enthusiastically.

"You don't ride in an auto often, do you?" said Bob.

"Don't know anybody who owns one."

"Then this is a treat for you. I'll run her up to forty miles for your benefit," said Bob, putting on more speed.

The car went kiting along the road, leaving a cloud of dust behind it.

"Gee! This is great!" cried Sandy, holding on. "Seems as fast as an express train. Suppose you bursted a tire now?"

"Then we'd be likely to turn turtle, and both of us land in the morgue."

"Then ease up. I don't want to be buried yet."

Bob cut the speed down to what it was before.

"If forty miles an hour is too much for your nerves, what would you say if I let her out to the limit?"

"I'd say you were crazy. This is fast enough for me."

It was half-past five and almost dark when the car came to the outskirts of Southold, a small village on the coast, facing the Atlantic.

At that season of the year it was a bleak-looking spot even on sunshiny days.

In the summer it was altogether different.

Half the people made their living out of cheap summer boarders, while a more aristocratic set filled the hotel on the bluff and the cottages strung around it.

On a rocky island, a mile off the shore, stood a lighthouse.

The light in the lantern, a red and white revolving one, was throwing out its flashes when the two boys hit the place.

They saw the light before they opened up the village.

"That's the Southold Light," said Bob. "We haven't far to go now."

Three minutes later they passed the first house, and the car soon reached Main street.

"Where does the gent live you are going to call on?" asked Sandy.

"On Myrtle avenue, at the south end of the village, near the cottages that are closed up at this time. I've got to get exact directions from somebody here."

Bob stopped in front of the drug and stationery store, got out and asked the proprietor where Myrtle avenue began, and about where Mr. Thomas Morton's house was.

The man told him exactly where the house was, and what kind of a house it was.

"You can hardly make a mistake, for it's the last occupied dwelling on the avenue. Beyond it are the summer cottages, and they're all shut up," he said.

"Thanks," said Bob, returning to his car and starting on.

CHAPTER II.

BOB MAKES A SUCCESS (OF HIS MISSION TO SOUTHOLD.

Striking Myrtle avenue, the car went on slowly past several nice looking cottages that showed lights.

Then there was an open space, and they made out another house with lights, setting back from the street line about forty feet.

That was the Morton house, and Bob stopped in front of it. Taking his hand-bag, he entered the gate and went up to the front door.

A distinguished looking colored man answered his ring.

"Mr. Morton is at home, I believe?" said Bob.

"Yes, sir."

"I am from the Southern Investment and Improvement Co. of Wall Street. I have come down to see Mr. Morton on business of importance. My name is Robert Barry. Kindly inform him."

"Yes, sir. Walk in and take a seat."

The colored man pointed at a chair in the well-lighted and spacious colonial hall, which extended to a wide flight of stairs at the rear.

He went on to the stairs and ascended them.

In a few minutes he returned and told Bob to follow him.

The Wall Street boy was introduced to the library, where he found the gentleman of the house seated in a comfortable arm-chair reading a current magazine.

"Happy to meet you, young man," said Mr. Morton, pointing to a chair. "Be seated. Did you have any trouble in finding the house? It is some time since the last train from Jersey City stopped at the station."

"I didn't come down by train, sir. I came in an auto."

"Ah, indeed, you had quite a ride."

"It was a fine one. I brought a friend with me, and we covered the distance in about two hours from Jersey City."

Bob then got down to business, which was to enlighten the gentleman concerning the feasibility of raising pineapples in Florida on the ground which the Southern I. & I. Co. was exploiting.

As an evidence of the kind of pineapples that the company professed could be raised on the property, Bob opened his hand-bag and produced a luscious-looking sample—one of the kind that brings a good price in the best New York fruit and grocery stores.

Mr. Morton examined the sample carefully and seemed much impressed by it.

He had already received a full set of the company's advertising matter, had read it carefully, pondered over it, and was favorably disposed toward the proposition advanced by the corporation.

He was a wealthy gentleman, practical and successful in his own business, from which he had lately retired, but nevertheless disposed to put too much confidence in visionary schemes that appealed to his fancy, now that he had little to employ his time.

The idea of going into the pineapple industry on a large scale had suddenly developed into a fad with him, owing to the seductive statements and descriptions set forth in the literature of the Southern I. & I. Co.

The climate of Florida attracted him, and he felt that was the ideal spot for him to pass the remaining years of his life.

Before he saw the company's advertisement, and wrote to the president for the information that the attached coupon would bring him, he had read many books on the State of Florida.

His original attention was to visit the State and look over certain parts of it with the view of purchasing property with a part of his wealth which he could convert into a handsome estate.

He had figured on raising oranges, grape fruit and other things merely as a pastime, without any idea of making a business of the industry.

The receipt of the company's printed matter changed his views to some extent.

His business instincts suggested that by buying more land in the right place, and following out the plans advanced by the Wall Street corporation, that he would be able to double his fortune, without any risk to speak of, and at the same time provide himself with an active interest in life, which he preferred to an existence of complete leisure.

Men who have been actively engaged in business for forty years, like himself, find, on retirement, that time hangs heavy on their hands, and they crave for something that will take the place of what they have given up.

Thus Mr. Morton was a ripe subject for the Southern I. & I. Co. to do business with.

Mr. Nobley had sized up the gentleman from his letter, then investigated his financial standing, after which he lost no time in calling upon him personally to find out how heavily the retired merchant could be induced to go into the company.

The company advocated chiefly the culture of oranges and grape fruit, as those fruits were known to be largely cultivated in Florida, and were easier to raise than pineapples, which required particular care.

When Mr. Nobley found that Mr. Morton was particularly fascinated with the pineapple branch, he diplomatically fell in with his views, and told him if he would go into the business on a large scale, which his capital would enable him to do, he could easily secure a monopoly on an industry that would bring golden results.

Mr. Nobley was a smooth and convincing talker, and he painted such a picture of semi-tropical life, and what was in it

for a gentleman in Mr. Morton's position, that he completely captured that man's imagination.

He produced a contract which he filled out to the utmost that he could induce the merchant to agree to be responsible for, offering him ten per cent. discount for cash in full, with the option of one-third down and time payments for the balance at the full price.

Mr. Morton, however, declined to sign the document until the company had furnished him with a detailed statement of what it would cost him to plant a large part of the property in pineapples, with figures covering the cost of care, harvesting the same, and the probable price per acre he would realize.

Mr. Nobley promised to supply him with an exhaustive document on the subject, and send him one of the average pine apples that had actually been grown on property in the immediate neighborhood.

This accounted for Bob's errand that afternoon.

The president had sent him fully primed for the mission, and expected him to bring back Mr. Morton's signed contract.

Bob was just the lad to get it, for he was an enthusiastic believer in the prospects of the company himself.

Indeed, he had visions of making an investment himself with an eye to the future, for Mr. Nobley had told him that as soon as all the land had been sold, which was near at hand, the price would jump from fifty to one hundred per cent.

The only thing that held Bob back was a disinclination to let the president know he was worth money, lest it might effect the promised rise in his wages.

Bob described the prospects offered by the company in fully as glowing terms as Mr. Nobley had done, and no one could listen to him without being impressed by the enthusiasm that glowed in his face and sparkled in his language.

Mr. Nobley had made no mistake in sending the boy.

He knew Bob believed the company was everything it claimed to be.

At the end of twenty minutes Bob had Mr. Morton's signed contract in his possession—a contract that called for an investment of \$40,000 on the gentleman's part, \$20,000 down, as represented by the check that Mr. Morton drew up and handed to him, the balance to be paid in five notes of \$4,000 each, less a discount of ten per cent.

For this outlay the gentleman would within fifteen days receive the title deeds to a large tract of the company's property, said title to be fully guaranteed by a well-known Guarantee and Trust Co.—a paper to that effect, signed by the proper official of said company, being turned over to Mr. Morton by Bob.

At the close of the business Mr. Morton invited Bob to dine with him and his family, including his friend Sandy Maguire in the invitation.

As it was quite late, and the boys had a long return trip before them, Bob accepted.

He went out and brought Sandy in, and also ran the car inside the grounds up to the front room.

Sandy did not feel quite at ease at the table, for he wasn't used to such style as he was confronted with, though, as a matter of fact, no style was put on by the family.

It was just an everyday meal with the Mortons.

Nevertheless, it was wholly different to what both boys were accustomed to at home.

Bob was a young gentleman by instinct as well as bringing up, notwithstanding that his people were only moderately well off, and lived in a flat in Harlem, so that he readily accommodated himself to the situation.

The meal passed off all right with the boys, and if Sandy showed up to less advantage than his companion, no notice was taken of it.

The chief topic of conversation was Florida, and the benefits the Southern I. & I. Co. was conferring on the people who put their money into it.

Bob did most of the talking, and greatly interested Mrs. Morton and her two grown daughters.

The boy spoke glowingly of the financial stability of the company.

He said that he carried all the funds to the bank each day, and could personally vouch for the big balance the corporation carried.

He also intimated that he intended giving up speculating in Wall Street, and invest the money he had won in the market in a few acres of the company's property.

The Mortons expressed interest in how he had made his \$3,000 in stocks, and he gave them a general review of how he had done it.

As money is not so easily made by the small Wall Street

speculator, the gentleman and his family were convinced that Bob was an unusually smart boy, which we may say he was. Finally about half-past eight the boys took their leave of the Mortons and started on their return trip.

CHAPTER III.

JAILED FOR SPEEDING.

There were not so many lights on the avenue as when the boys came down, and there were still fewer in the village. However, that fact didn't bother Bob any.

He remembered the way back to Main street, and when he got there it was easy enough for him to find his way out of the village and into the road by which he and Sandy had come.

Although it was a dark night, there was little fear they would miss their way, for the road, built largely in the interest of automobiles, went straight on.

There were branch roads here and there, leading off to the shore or to the interior, as the case might be, but there was no reason why Bob should be enticed into one of them.

The Southold Light faded out behind them, and with the yellow streak of road apparently clear ahead, Bob gradually ran the speed of the car up to forty miles an hour.

Sandy did not notice the pace at first, or he liked the hot gait, which was more probable, for he put up no protest.

The dark country-side flew by like a dim panorama, specked with the light shining from the window of some farmhouse.

The fences on either side looked like a mere continuous blur.

Fifty miles an hour is practically express train speed, but you don't think about that when you're in a car that is making it.

You feel like a bird soaring through the air close to earth, and the sensation is exhilarating and exciting.

That's why the temptation to break the speed law is so irresistible.

Bob had no right to take chances with another person's high-priced car and the lives of himself and his friend, even along a road that appeared to be clear under the glow of his pair of reflectors that shot their light far ahead like a pair of small search lights, but he did it just the same.

The hum of the machine was music to his ears.

The pace sent his blood coursing through his veins.

He was enjoying every moment of the trip.

Suddenly a dark object separated itself from the side of the road, waved its arms and shouted to the occupants of the car to stop.

Before Bob grasped the significance of the hail, the auto went by the figure like a streak.

Then the silence of the night was broken by the report of a revolver behind.

"What does this mean?" asked Sandy, as Bob shut off power and let the machine run under its own momentum only.

"That was a country cop back there, and it means that we are likely to be pinched."

"How can he stop us? What have you shut off for?"

"He doesn't expect to stop us. That pistol shot was a signal to his companion ahead to hold us up, after noting the time it's taken us to cover the space between them. I've shut off, and am slowly putting on the brake to fool them, if I can. The fellow behind, who is doubtless coming up on a motor-bike, will swear, however, that we were running at a mile a minute, and they'll get us anyway."

"But if you kept the gait up the man ahead wouldn't dare try and stop you."

"He'd get my number with the help of his flashlight, and there would be trouble later—more trouble than if we obeyed orders."

"Do you think we'll be put in jail?"

"Quite likely if I can't pay the fine."

"What is the fine?"

"It varies in different places. They are pretty strict in New Jersey."

At that moment they heard the chug, chug of a motor-bike behind coming on at a fast clip.

"What did I tell you?" said Bob.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Sandy. "This is tough, and we were going along as fine as silk. I hope we'll get out of this scrape."

"I hope we will, too."

As he spoke, the other constable stepped out into the road and threw his flashlight on the approaching car.

Bob jammed on the brakes harder and came to a stop.

The officer looked sour when he saw that the auto held two boys.

It was bad enough for a man chauffeur to be guilty of making a farce-comedy of the speed limit, but a boy—that was a whole lot worse in his estimation.

"Who are you, my fine young fellows? Out on a joy ride, I suppose?" he said, curtly.

"We've been down to Southold on important business," replied Bob. "As we didn't leave there till half-past eight, we ran the machine close to the speed limit in order to get home before midnight."

"Close to the speed limit, eh? You must have been going at least forty miles an hour, or you couldn't have covered the last quarter of a mile in the time you did. Wait till I hear what my partner has to say about it."

The other country cop came up at this point and dismounted from his bike.

He looked mad.

"What do you chaps mean by racing along at sixty miles an hour?" he said.

"Sixty miles an hour!" cried Bob. "That's pretty good for you. Do you take this car for a Vanderbilt racer?"

"It's a high-power car. The name shows its brand—the Ritz-Santley—and I know what that type of car is capable of. This machine is one of the largest and most powerful turned out. It will reel off sixty miles or I'll eat my head."

"What if it will go sixty miles, that's no evidence I was running her under forced draught."

"Look here, young man, you can't fool us. We are expert judges of speed, or we wouldn't be on the job. Whether you were doing forty or sixty, you were breaking the law, so you've got to go before the justice and take your medicine."

The cop directed Bob to start on slowly, then he mounted his wheel and accompanied the car, shunting it off on a branch road which landed them at a village a mile away.

They were taken to the home of the justice, and he convened court in his living-room.

The cop made his charge, and he made no bones about accusing the boys of driving the car at a speed of at least fifty miles an hour.

"What have you to say, young man?" said the justice to Bob, who the cop said was the chief offender.

"I don't see any use of saying anything," replied Bob. "I'll admit I was going faster than the law permits, but it was getting late, and as we live in the upper part of New York City, we wanted to get home some time to-night."

"How came you to be so far from home?"

Bob mentioned the business that had carried him to Southold, and explained that the car belonged to the president of the Southern I. & I. Co., of Wall Street.

"You are employed by that company, then?"

"Yes."

"And your companion, too?"

"No, I took him along for company."

"Well, you're find ten dollars, and your friend five."

"What do you want to fine him for? He didn't break the law."

"He helped you break it, I guess. I know what boys are."

"I protest against his fine."

"Well, pony up ten dollars and I'll discharge you."

"I haven't got that much."

"Lock 'em up, Dusenbury. You can notify your employer by wire to-morrow morning, young man. If he sends the money, all right, otherwise it will be five days for both of you. The court is adjourned."

The car was run into the justice's barn, and Bob and Sandy were locked up in the village jail.

They were put in a cell equipped with two ancient-looking cots, and an iron-framed washstand.

The cots were supplied with a straw mattress, an old blanket which did not smell particularly sweet, and a hard pillow.

"We're up against it this time," said Sandy, gloomily. "This is a nice cold place to pass the night in."

"I suppose I deserve it, but the justice had no right to send you here."

"Suppose he had let me go, how would I have got to New York at this hour? This place isn't on the railroad, and even if it was I probably couldn't have got a train, unless a freight stopped here some time during the night, and the conductor consented to take me on free, gratis and for nothing," said Sandy.

"Well, there is no use of us squealing. We're jugged, and that's all there is to it," said Bob. "The town is hard up for ten dollars."

"Are you going to telegraph the president of your company in the morning?"

"I'll have to. I've got a very important document and a check for \$20,000. Mr. Nobley will send a clerk to get us out, and that will close the incident."

"What do you suppose the president will say to you when you get back to the office?"

"He won't say anything, for I've made a success of my trip."

"Won't he have something to say about the risk you took with his car?"

"I guess not."

Sandy picked up his pillow and put it to his nose.

"Oh, mamma! This pillow smells like the cover of a sewer," he said, in a tone of disgust. "I can't use it. I believe there's been a skunk in here."

Bob laughed.

"I thought I detected a strong odor coming from your side of the cell," he grinned.

Sandy flung the pillow against the door, took off his coat, rolled it up and placed it at the head of his bed.

Neither of the boys intended to undress further than to get out of their jackets and shoes.

It was a chilly night, and the cell was several degrees lower in temperature than the air outside.

"This is fierce," said Sandy, dropping off one shoe. "The draft from that window blows over me."

"Stuff the pillow between the bars," suggested Bob.

Sandy put on his shoe again, picked up the pillow and jabbed it viciously against the two bars.

They shook in their sockets.

"Say, those bars are loose," he said.

"Are they? Pull them out, then, and we'll skip the lock-up."

"I don't believe they can be pulled out. They're just loose."

"You're a husky chap. Try your strength on them. The exercise will warm you up if it has no other result."

"You might give a fellow a hand on the job, if you think it's easy."

"Grab hold of one of them and I'll grab hold of you. Then we'll pull and see what happens."

Sandy got a strong grip on one of the loose bars, about the center of it, and braced his feet against the wall.

Bob seized him around the waist and braced his feet against his cot, which he had shoved under the window.

"Now, then, all together!" he said.

"They heaved with all their strength."

The bar was loose both at the top and bottom, but being inserted in sockets it could not be removed as long as it remained straight.

As the pull came on the center of the old piece of iron, it commenced to bend toward the boys.

As it bent more and more it lost its grip on the sockets.

Suddenly it slipped out of the top one.

The boys fell backward in a heap, Bob getting the full benefit of Sandy's 160 odd pounds of weight.

He also got a crack from Sandy's left elbow that made him see stars.

His cot was wrecked by Sandy's legs coming down on it with a crash.

"Wow!" ejaculated Bob.

"Oh, gee!" howled Sandy, whose head had hit the side of his own cot a glancing blow.

They scrambled on their feet, feeling considerably the worse for their fall.

"You got it out," said Bob, seeing the bent bar in his friend's hand.

"Yes, I've got it out, but I don't want any more of that kind of business," said Sandy. "Look at my head."

"How can I see it in the dark? What's the matter with it?"

"It feels as if it was broken. I got an awful rap."

"And I got the whole of your weight on top of me after hitting the floor. And your elbow nearly knocked one of my eyes out. I wouldn't be surprised if it was black and blue tomorrow, and the people at the office will think I've been scrapping," said Bob.

Sandy made no reply, but sat down on his cot and took his ringing head between his hands.

He felt a lump on it as big as a small egg.

Bob rubbed his sore spots and looked at the wreck of his cot.

"If we don't get out of here I'll have to stand up all night," he said.

Sandy was too much concerned about his head.

"Come, brace up," said Bob, "and let us finish the job."

"Finish nothing. I'm through," growled Sandy.

"Through! What for? Another effort and we'll have the other bar out."

"Get it out yourself, then."

Bob looked at him, then he picked up the bent bar.

He decided to try it on the other bar.

First, however, he had to pull his broken cot away.

"Get up and let me have that cot of yours," he said to Sandy.

"What do you want with it?" returned his friend, in a melancholy tone.

"I want to stand on it."

Sandy got up, and Bob shoved it under the window.

Mounting it, he inserted the bent bar between the other bar and the side of the window.

Then he pulled with all his strength.

A part of the lower socket broke away, and the bar came out of its resting place.

A little judicious manipulation enabled Bob to pull it out of the top socket.

The last bar to their escape was removed, for the window was big enough for them to squeeze through.

CHAPTER IV.

BOB IS TREATED TO A BIG SURPRISE.

Bob looked out of the window, but could make out nothing save a dark space.

Twisting his head to the left, he saw a dark object that was evidently a house facing on the street.

He heard no sounds indicating that any one was around.

"Are you ready to follow me out?" he asked Sandy.

"Wait a while till my head is better."

"Your head will be all right when you get outside. Come on."

Bob put one leg through the opening, following it with his body, then holding on to the framework, dragged his other leg out and jumped to the ground.

Sandy followed with several dismal grunts.

"Going to walk to Jersey City?" he said.

"We'll have to. The car is locked up in the justice's barn."

"Can't we go there and get it out?"

"Not very well. I couldn't tell the house, to begin with, and it wouldn't do to break into the barn and take the machine. We could be charged with burglary, and that's too serious a business to run up against."

"It will take us all night to reach the ferry."

"That can't be helped."

"How about breaking out of the jail? We've done a lot of damage to the old place. We may be arrested in New York and brought back to answer for that."

"Mr. Nobley will make that all right. He'll pay the damage."

"My late boss wouldn't."

"Mr. Nobley is a different sort of man."

"What direction is the road?"

Bob stopped and scratched his head.

"I guess it's over that way."

"Suppose it isn't?"

"We'll walk to the main street and ask somebody."

"We might be stopped on suspicion. We are strangers, and probably it is known around that two boys were jugged in the lock-up for overspeeding on the road. Whoever you ask will have the idea we are the same boys, particularly when we are looking for the road to Jersey City."

Bob made no reply and they went on.

They reached the one business street of the village.

It was lined on both sides with tall trees, which at that season were bare of their leafy covering.

Not a store or place was open at that hour.

Hardly a light was in sight anywhere.

Bob, however, recognized two or three buildings he had taken notice of when they were brought to the village, so he felt that by keeping straight on they would walk into the branch road which connected with the main one, and then all they would have to do was to turn to the left.

"This is the way," he said. "Come on."

They were soon out on the dark, cheerless-looking road, which was as lonesome as a wilderness.

The night wind souged through the leafless branches, swaying the upper limbs.

Sandy's head still bothered him, while Bob's bruises reminded him constantly.

They went along in silence, neither feeling disposed to talk. At the end of fifteen minutes they heard the chug, chug of a motor bike coming toward them.

Around the turn in the road flashed two bull's-eye lights, showing there were two machines approaching.

"The road cops are through watching for the night," said Bob.

"It won't do for them to see us coming along," said Sandy. "They'd recognize us and take us back."

"They surely would. Climb over the fence. They won't see us in the darkness."

The boys got over the fence and squatted down.

The country cops went past at a swift gait.

As the boys rose to return to the road, Bob's foot slipped into a hole among the roots of a tree against which he had been leaning.

There it got caught somehow, and he couldn't get it out.

"Come back, Sandy, and help me out of this," he called to his companion.

"What's the matter?" asked Sandy, from the other side of the fence.

Bob told him.

Sandy returned, struck a match and looked into the hole.

The light flashed on something shiny which pressed against Bob's leg.

He reached down and felt of it.

To his surprise it was an oblong tin box.

"What do you suppose is holding your foot?" he said.

"I couldn't guess. A root, probably."

"No, it's a tin box."

"A tin box!" cried Bob, in surprise.

"Yes. Wait till I force it out of the way so you can draw your leg out."

This he did, and Bob got his leg out.

Of course he was interested in the fact of a tin box being down in such an odd place, so he struck a match to look at it.

"It is a box," he said. "We must get it out."

That was accomplished after considerable difficulty.

"What do you suppose is in it?" said Sandy.

"I'm not a mind reader. We'll soon see, for the key is attached to it by a string."

Both key and lock had become rusted and they wouldn't work.

"Get a stone," suggested Sandy.

"No. I'll carry it with me. It may be filled with valuable papers."

"People don't bury valuable papers, as a rule, in the roots of a tree."

"They don't take the trouble to bury boxes like this unless they have some reason for doing so."

"I suppose not; but I don't see any sense in doing it."

"You see that somebody did it in this case."

"I'll bet it's stolen property that a thief hid here because he was afraid to take it away at the time. Probably he was arrested and sent to prison, and that is why he never came after it."

"That isn't a bad guess. It has been down there a good while from the looks of it."

"There might be money and other valuables in it," said Sandy, in a tone of interest.

"So much the better for us if we can't find the owner."

"Do I stand in with you on this?" said Sandy, eagerly.

"Why not? You discovered it, didn't you?"

"So I did. I'll help you carry it."

"You can, after I get tired."

They continued on the road.

"As I'm out of work, I should like to make a haul," said Sandy.

"I don't mind adding to my bunch of wealth, either. Everybody is looking for all they can get hold of these days."

"Bet your life they are. If the lambs who come down to Wall Street looking for easy money weren't so greedy, they wouldn't get cleaned out so often."

"The brokers have a fine snap of it. If my old boss hadn't gone too deep in Southern Railway, or the market hadn't turned on him the way it did, he would be in business yet, and I'd still be working for him."

"You've got a better job."

"Yes, but I prefer the brokerage business, all things being equal."

"I'd like to work in a bank. It gives more tone among your friends."

"I'll hire you as my cashier when I open up as a private banker."

"That won't be for some time to come," grinned Sandy.

"Maybe not, but you want to be ready when I call on you."

"What's the matter with taking me in as your partner?"

"You'll have to produce some capital. I couldn't take you in on wind."

"There might be enough money in that box to set us up whenever we got ready."

"That sounds too good to be true."

Here they walked into the main road and turned their faces toward Jersey City.

"Let's take a rest," said Sandy.

Bob agreed, and they sat down against the fence.

After resting themselves, they started on again.

Along toward daylight the tired lads were overtaken by a farm wagon loaded with eggs and poultry, bound for Jersey City.

They begged a ride of the driver and were allowed to climb on.

The sun was rising when they arrived at the ferry.

They crossed over to New York, and on their way to the elevated station they met an early newsboy coming toward the ferry with a big bundle of morning papers.

"Want to sell a paper?" asked Bob.

"Sure. What yer t'ink I've got 'em for?"

"Anything fresh and startling?" asked Bob, naming the paper he wanted.

"Big Wall Street company busted. De government says it's been using the mails to skin de public. All de officers are pinched, and dey are a swell lot."

"You don't say," ejaculated Bob. "What's the name of the company?"

"Soudern Investment Co. You'll find all the pertic'lars on de first and second pages."

"What's that?" fairly gasped Bob, while Sandy looked astonished. "The Southern Investment Co.! You must be wrong. I work for that company, and there was nothing wrong with it yesterday afternoon."

"If yer work for dat comp'ny yer out of a job. It was pulled last night."

Bob hurriedly opened the paper and glanced at the first pages.

A big scare heading told the story in a nutshell.

It ran as follows:

"A Gigantic Gold Brick Swindle Exposed by the Government Secret Service Men.

"The Southern Investment and Improvement Company, of Wall Street, Found to be Operating a Confidence Game.

"Howard Nobley, Who Heads the Corporation, and is Said to be Responsible for its Existence, Arrested at his Home on Riverside Avenue.

"The Other Officers also in the Net."

Bob stood aghast at this piece of news.

"Gee! Who'd have thought it?" was all Sandy could say.

"Great Scott! This has taken my breath," said Bob. "Why, I've never heard a word against the company."

"I told you what Heinz said about it," said Sandy. "He must have heard something."

"This is fierce."

"You won't turn in that contract and the \$20,000 check now, I guess."

"Not if this story is true. If the check went in, Mr. Morton would have to take his place with the other creditors of the concern, and he would probably lose a large part of his money."

"If he heard the news in time he could stop payment."

"I doubt if he'd hear it in time. Maybe the Government people would return him the check. If the company is a swindle it would be a rank injustice to cash the check. Anyway, they won't get the chance. I'll hold on to it until I have satisfied myself about the state of things, and then send it back to him."

"How about the car over in that village? It's worth a lot of money."

"I'll report the matter to the right persons. Come, let's get uptown."

They took the next train, and in due time reached their homes.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT WAS IN THE TIN BOX.

Bob lived with his mother, his father, who was a book-keeper, and his sister, who was cashier in a Harlem store, in a modest flat on a side street off Seventh avenue.

His failure to return home as usual to his dinner was con-

sidered strange, until one of the girls who worked for the same company, who lived not far away, sent around to the house the note Bob had handed her to deliver.

This explained that he was going to Southold on special business for the president, and he did not expect to get back till late.

So the family didn't worry about him, even when he failed to turn up at the hour when they retired.

He carried a key and could get in at any hour.

His father, who got up about half-past six, found that his bed had not been disturbed, and came to the conclusion that his son had remained overnight in Southold.

The family was just going to sit down to breakfast when Bob came in with the tin box in his hand, and looking decidedly the worse for his night's experience.

"Well, Bob, you've got home at last, I see," cried his mother.

"Kind of looks that way, mother. I'm about done up."

"How is that?" asked his father.

"I had to walk ten or fifteen miles along the road during the night."

"You did! Why did you have to do that? You went and came by train, didn't you?"

"No. I went and came part of the way back in Mr. Nobley's auto."

"Did it break down on the road?" asked his father.

"No. I and a friend who was with me were arrested for running the car too fast."

"Arrested!" cried his mother.

"How did the matter terminate?" asked his father.

"We were taken before the justice of a nearby village. He held the proceedings in his dining-room. He fined me \$10, and my friend, Maguire, \$5. As we couldn't pay, not having the money, we were locked up in the small jail, with the prospect of five days if the fines were not paid."

"How did you get out of your fix?"

"The jail was cold and the cell so miserably furnished that we decided to leave it."

"How could you if you were locked in?"

"We discovered that the window bars were loose, so we pulled them out of their sockets, and departed without leaving our address."

"Do you mean to say that you broke jail?"

"That's about what we did."

"Don't you know that you are liable to be punished for that?"

"They might put it over me if I went to that village again. I calculated, however, that Mr. Nobley would fix the matter up all right. I figured he would have to in order to recover his car, which the justice had locked up in his barn."

"That's why you had to walk when you broke out of the lock-up because the village authorities held on to the car?"

"Yes, though we got a lift on a farm wagon that overtook us six or seven miles outside of Jersey City. We must have tramped it for four hours before the wagon came along."

"What a terrible experience!" exclaimed his mother. "And to think you had no sleep at all."

"Oh, I intend to turn in now and make it up."

"Aren't you going to the office this morning?" asked his father.

"No, sir. When you read the paper on your way downtown you will understand the reason," replied Bob.

"What do you mean?" asked his father, in surprise.

"I mean that the Southern Investment and Improvement Co. has been pinched by the Government as a get-rich-quick swindle, and all the officers are reported to be in jail."

"My gracious, you don't mean that!" cried the astonished bookkeeper.

"I do mean it. There's the full account in the paper I bought just as I landed from the ferryboat. Read the headlines, and then leave the paper for mother to read the story. I'll turn in now and get the sleep I missed."

"What's that shabby-looking tin box you have there on the table? Did you bring that with you from Southold?" asked his father.

"No. Sandy Maguire and I found that buried among the roots of a big tree by the side of the road. We couldn't open it, though you see the key is attached to it by a string, because the lock is too rusty. We believe it contains something of value—money, or jewels, or documents. If I find a clew to the owner I'll return it, of course, no matter what it contains. If I can't locate the person to whom it belongs, Sandy and I will divide the contents if they are worth dividing."

The box was regarded by the others with not a little curiosity, and much speculation was hazarded concerning its contents.

Mr. Barry went down to his business, Nellie Barry went to her store, and Bob went to bed.

The tin box was locked in the closet.

Curious as the boy was to learn its contents, he made no attempt to open it, having agreed with Sandy not to do so until both were present.

Bob was all worn out with the adventures of the night, and his sleep was most profound.

It was five o'clock when he finally awoke.

Hurrying on his clothes, he went downstairs, where he found his mother making preparations for dinner, which in the Barry home was served at night.

"There is a letter here for you, Bob," she said. "It came by special messenger."

"From Mr. Nobley!" cried Bob, recognizing the handwriting.

He tore open the envelope, and read as follows:

"BOB: I suppose you have read the papers and know that we are in trouble. Better make no attempt to communicate with me. Your name has not even been mentioned to the Secret Service men. If you got the contract signed and received a check from Morton, return same to him at once."

"H. NOBLEY."

"It's too bad, and I am right sorry for him," declared Bob, who had read the letter aloud. "Whatever may be said against Mr. Nobley, he was always good to me."

"I pity the poor people who have lost their money through him," said Mrs. Barry. "Wall Street is——"

"Now, don't go to saying things against the Street, mother," broke in Bob. "There are good and bad down there, same as everywhere else."

"What will you do for another job, Bob?"

"Find one, you bet."

"Not so easy, my son. You have been very fortunate thus far, I know, but——"

"That's Sandy!" cried Bob, as the electric bell buzzed.

Sandy it was, greatly refreshed by his sleep.

"How's your head?" asked Bob.

"Oh, a whole lot better. The lump's there just the same."

"Come right in. I'm glad you came, for I'm wild to see the inside of our find."

"So am I," said Mrs. Barry. "I've a notion that it is going to prove more valuable than you imagine."

"And your notions, as you call them, are usually correct, mother," laughed Bob. "However, we shall soon know."

He went to his room and returned with the box, the lid of which was readily pried open with the stove lifter, and a flat package wrapped in an old newspaper yellow with age lay revealed. There was nothing else in the box.

Bob lost no time in opening it.

"Money, sure, but what kind?" he cried.

"Looks like Canadian!" exclaimed Sandy.

"Not on your life! They are old fashioned greenbacks. All hundreds, too."

"That's what they are!" cried Mrs. Barry. "I remember seeing such bills when I was a girl during the Civil War."

"What's the date of the paper?" demanded Sandy.

"May 10, 1862," replied Bob. "The New York Herald. It was going then, it seems."

"Yes, and long before," added his mother. "Little use in seeking an owner for this treasure, boys. It must have been buried where you found it for years."

"Count up!" cried Sandy. "There's a big bunch of those bills. I'm curious to know what it amounts to."

Bob ran them over rapidly.

The bills were all hundreds, and the total proved to be exactly \$25,000.

Naturally, the boys were jubilant.

There was absolutely nothing in the box to offer any clew to whom the money had belonged.

"All the same, we must advertise it," declared Bob. "If my boss is a crook, than I'm not. If any one can prove this property we shall have to give it up. I'll put an advertisement in the Jersey Journal to-morrow."

"And suppose no owner turns up?" said Sandy.

"Then it's halves between you and me."

Sandy stayed to dinner that night. He and Nellie were great friends.

"You certainly are in luck, boys," declared Mr. Barry upon his return home. "I consider it highly improbable that any owner for your find will turn up."

Bob talked Mr. Nobley's letter over with his father, who advised him to report the matter of the car to the authorities by addressing a letter to the company, but this proved unne-

essary, for dinner was scarcely over when a Secret Service detective rang the bell.

"You are Bob Barry?" he asked. "You worked for the Southern Investment and Improvement Co.?"

"That's right," replied Bob, not a little concerned. "Come in, sir. What's wanted with me?"

"Nothing with you personally," replied the detective. "None of the minor employees of the concern will be held. We are after such property of Mr. Nobley's as we can lay our hands on. I am informed that you took his valuable car out yesterday."

"That's right."

"You will have to give it up."

"I haven't got it to give," replied Bob, and he frankly explained the situation.

"That's all right," said the detective. "You needn't bother your head about the matter. I'll get the car."

"And the fine?"

"That's up to you."

"I propose to pay it as soon as I can spare the money."

"Better do it by mail, then," laughed the detective, "or you'll find yourself in the stone jug again." He then departed, much to the relief of Bob's mother and sister, who fully expected his arrest as soon as the Secret Service man displayed his shield.

Next morning Bob ran down to Southold by the first train, and went directly to Mr. Morton's house.

"You again!" that gentleman exclaimed. "Have you come to report what I've already seen in the papers? I've stopped that check. I've had a narrow escape."

"You didn't have to," retorted Bob. "Here it is, and here's your contract, Mr. Morton."

"Good for you! At all events you're honest, even if your boss is a crook. You're a slick talker, young man. I feel quite ashamed of myself to think that you won me over the way you did."

"I believed every word I said, sir!" cried Bob, drawing himself up proudly.

"And I believe you," said Mr. Morton, "or you would not have come here in this fashion."

He tore up the contract as he spoke, and called Bob, who had turned away from the door and was hurrying down the walk, to come back.

"What do you want?" demanded Bob, none too pleasantly, for he resented Mr. Morton's remark.

"You've lost your job, I suppose."

"So I suppose."

"What are you going to do? Perhaps I can help you to get another. I have many friends, but it won't be on Wall Street."

"Then it won't suit me. I began life on Wall Street, and I propose to stick to it. Because Mr. Nobley turns out to be a crook, I don't propose to turn my back on the Street by any means."

"Suit yourself. Only look out you don't drop that nest-egg you were telling me about yesterday. You see how near I came to being landed in the soup. Good-by, my boy. I appreciate what you have done, and hope we may meet again."

"So do I," replied Bob, warmly shaking the hand which was offered him, and he hurried away, reaching the station just in time to make his train.

True to his word, on reaching Jersey City Bob put an advertisement in the Jersey Journal. He had learned from the train conductor the name of the town where he and Sandy had been arrested. The advertisement read as follows:

"FOUND—Near the town of Fairville, New Jersey, a sum of money. The owner can recover same by proving property. Address B, care of the Jersey Journal."

Bob paid for three insertions, and during the days which followed the Journal forwarded to his address a number of answers, but none of them in any way filled the bill.

"The find is ours, Sandy," he declared at the end of the week. "I shall do no more about it. Chances are that the owner of that box is long since dead."

CHAPTER VI.

BOB AND THE GOLD KING.

During those days of waiting Bob did a pile of heavy thinking. Incidentally, he forwarded the fine to the Fairville judge, being careful to conceal his address.

Sandy called at the flat on Sunday night, ostensibly to see Bob, but Nellie was the real attraction.

Bob, however, did not give him the chance to monopolize his sister's society.

"Come into the front room, Sandy," he said. "I want to have a business talk with you. Nell can wait."

"Bless me! Don't let me interfere with business," cried Nellie, tossing her head. "You boys can stop right here," and with that she left the room.

"Now you've made her mad. What did you want to say that for?" said Sandy, rather crossly.

"Oh, she'll get over it. Of course, I know how you feel about Nell, Sandy, and I want you to understand it just suits me."

"And it suits me to hear you say so," chuckled Sandy, "but perhaps Nellie don't feel the same way."

"I'll give you a straight tip, old man, she does. Now we'll cut it out. What are you going to do with your half of our find?"

"Why, put it in the savings bank, I suppose."

"Small interest there, Sandy. Now look here, you're out of a job, and so am I. Suppose we go into the banking business together. Twenty-five thousand will give us a fair start."

"Bob! Are you crazy?"

Not at all. You know I worked two years with Hazzard & Co., just before the old man died and his private banking business was given up. I learned a lot about it. I learned a lot about it. There's money in it, Sandy. My father thinks it a good scheme. As for you, as it happens, you have got neither father nor mother to consult. We could begin with money changing and discounting notes for the smaller downtown store-keepers. If we do a little judicious advertising, I believe we would soon be able to build up a business."

"It sounds well," said Sandy, dubiously, "but I know so little about banking that I hardly know what to say. Of course, I am on the make, first, last and all the time, but I don't want to drop my pile. I should have to depend entirely upon you."

"And you don't consider that my experience in private banking has been sufficient to make that safe?"

"To be honest with you, Bob, that's the way I feel."

"You don't have to depend entirely upon me, as it happens, boy. I've been looking about all the week. Hazzard's old basement office, at No. — Wall Street, is to let, and can be hired cheap, as the building is an old-timer and liable to come down. John Sampson, who for years was the brains of Hazzard & Co., lost all he had last year in a crazy real estate speculation. He is out for a job, and can be had for a moderate salary. What he don't know about private banking isn't worth knowing."

"That sounds good. How old a man is he?"

"Something over fifty. He's as straight as a string, and as honest as the sun."

"Have you had a talk with him?"

"I have. We can get him for forty per. He'll be glad of the chance."

"Bob, you certainly tempt me."

"Be tempted—be convinced. All the same, it's up to you, and I don't want you to decide till you have thought it over. That's all. Now I'll leave Nell to entertain you, for I've got an engagement."

Wise Bob!

It is not every boy, no, nor every man, who knows enough to stop talking when he has said his say.

Sandy did think it over. He also had a long talk with Mr. Sampson, to whom Bob introduced him, and the result was that by the end of the week he had consented to the plan.

"Now then," said Bob, "I have a queer prejudice against two names to a firm. I want ours to be either Barry & Co., or Maguire & Co. Which shall it be?"

"I suppose you intend to do a brokerage business in connection with the bank?"

"Sure. Don't propose to let a stone remain unturned where there's a dollar to be made."

"Barry & Co., Bankers and Brokers, will look better on the sign than Maguire & Co. I never was stuck on my last name."

"Do you agree to that, then?"

"Yes."

"O. K. Barry & Co. it shall be. We hire that basement tomorrow."

They did so.

A neater or more attractive basement banking office than these boys fitted up would have been hard to find.

Mr. Sampson was engaged as head clerk, and his venerable appearance lent dignity to the firm.

Better still, not a few of Hazzard & Co.'s old customers were secured as depositors through his aid.

From the first the venture proved a paying one.

Bob and Sandy paid strict attention to business, and at the end of a year had built up a connection which they had every reason to be proud of, and this in spite of many a prediction that "the boy bankers," as they were dubbed at first, would go to the wall within six months.

But as yet Barry & Co. had landed no really big fish. Their business, as Bob foresaw, was mostly with the small tradesmen in the downtown district.

For these they executed commissions both on the Stock Exchange and on the "Curb," through Barnes & Williamson, a firm of brokers in whom they had full reliance, also in discounting notes, and so shrewdly was this end of their business conducted that as yet they had not made one loss.

No commercial paper which was in the least doubtful would Barry & Co. touch.

"This is all very well, Sandy," said Bob one afternoon as the partners were talking over business, "but what we want are three or four rattling big accounts which will give us a standing in the Street. They are to be had, but how to get 'em is the question."

"Advertise more," suggested Sandy.

"We've tried it often. It's expensive. So far it hasn't worked. Our small accounts are constantly increasing, but the big fish aren't to be hooked that way."

"I'm sure I don't know what to propose then," said Sandy. "We cleaned up over five thousand apiece last year. I'm satisfied if we do as well this."

"I'm not, then. I propose to be a millionaire before I quit the game."

"Oh, that's a long way ahead. But I've got a matter to attend to uptown."

After Sandy left, Bob concluded to go to the Produce Exchange and take a Turkish bath, which he frequently indulged in, and he accordingly started down Broad street, little guessing that he was taking the first step by so doing to secure the very thing he wanted.

As he crossed Exchange Place a man suddenly came staggering up the steps of a basement cafe, whose appearance was so singular that Bob's attention was attracted to him at once.

He was a person of about forty, apparently, a perfect giant in frame, standing over six feet by several inches, and built in proportion.

He wore a long overcoat trimmed with the most expensive fur, for the day was unusually cold, while on his head was a fur cap pulled down over his ears.

That he was decidedly under the influence of liquor was easily seen, but while his huge frame swayed, he went ahead with giant strides. Bob would have had to run to pass him.

"My, what a monstrous big fellow!" thought the boy banker. "I wonder who he is?"

Whoever he was he proved to be bound on the same errand as Bob himself, for he turned in at the Produce Exchange and descended to the Turkish bath, where he braced up so perfectly at the desk that admission was not refused him.

Bob quickly undressed, and had been in the hot room some minutes before the giant entered.

The big fellow dropped into a steamer chair at some distance from Bob.

Next to our hero were two stylish-looking gentlemen, one of whom he recognizes as Edward Beaman, one of the most prominent brokers on the Stock Exchange.

"I wonder if he knows me?" thought Bob, who could not help thinking of his own boyish appearance just then.

Besides himself, these two gentlemen and the giant, who promptly went to sleep, there was nobody in the hot room.

"I tell you, my dear fellow," said Beaman, addressing his companion, "it's the chance of a lifetime, and you are the only man in New York I would tell. Within a week we shall have every available share of A. & B. in our clutches; it's the strongest syndicate that has been formed in a long time, and——"

"Be careful," whispered the other. "We are not alone."

"Pshaw! Only a boy," retorted the broker, dropping his voice, but he did not raise it again. The remainder of his remarks were spoken too low for Bob to hear.

But he had heard enough.

Bob knew that the broker's firm represented some of the richest men in America on the Stock Exchange.

A. & B. was a good property, a Western railroad with valuable connections, but for some time the stock had been depressed. The closing quotations that day, as Bob knew, was 60.

Did this mean a big boom for A. & B.?

The boy broker was certain of it.

"I shall earn the price of my bath out of this as sure as my

name is Barry," he thought. "I'll take a flyer in A. & B. to-morrow."

Beaman and his friend quickly left the hot room, and soon after Bob himself was in the hands of the shampooers.

He had forgotten all about the big fellow until when he was swimming about the plunge he saw him come staggering up to the brink.

Instead of sobering him, the bath seemed to have had the contrary effect—there are certain people on whom at times it acts that way.

For some reason there was no attendant in sight, and as Bob continued swimming about, he saw the giant suddenly slip and fall backward into the plunge.

At first Bob was inclined to laugh, but when the man came up he saw instantly that he was in trouble.

Evidently he could not swim. The end of the plunge where he was happened to be that used by those who liked diving, and Bob knew that it was over the man's head, tall as he was.

"Gee! The fellow's drowning!" thought Bob as the giant with a gasping cry went down a second time.

Bob was a splendid swimmer. He struck right out and, diving, got the giant—who was now lying on the bottom—by both arms, and with a tremendous effort dragged him to shallow water, the distance being short, and managed there to get him on his feet, where with their heads out of water he stood supporting him.

The big fellow coughed, gasped, strangled, and for the moment the case looked serious, but he finally managed to recover himself.

"Heavens, I was pretty near all in," he panted. "Boy, you've saved my life."

"Can't you swim?" asked Bob.

"Not a stroke. I slipped."

"Yes, I saw you. Better go out."

"That's right. Will you help me out? I—I'm a shade full."

Bob helped him to the deck, where an attendant now appeared with towels.

"Don't say a word," whispered the giant. "I don't want that fellow to know I made a fool of myself."

"Not a word," replied Bob. "You're all right now."

"Yes, but I should have been all wrong only for you," said the giant. "I shan't forget it, neither."

Bob finished his swim, and when he reached the cooling room, there was the giant lying on a couch.

"Come here, boy!" he roared. "Take the couch alongside of me. I want to talk to you."

Bob would gladly have been excused, but he yielded, and was relieved to find the big fellow was disposed to moderate his voice.

"My name is Dick Arnold. I'm just down from the Klondike," he said. "What's yours?"

"Robert Barry."

"So? I live here in New York?"

"Yes; I have always lived here."

"This is my first visit. Great town. I wouldn't have believed it. I'm stopping at the Waldorf. Come up there and I'll blow you off to a dinner if you've nothing better to do."

"Oh, you'll have to excuse me," said Bob.

"Won't do it. That is unless you really have an engagement. What's your business? Who do you work for?"

"I'm in business for myself. I'm a private banker on Wall Street."

"The deuce you are! Then you just must dine with me, for you can give me a steer. I want to take a few flyers on Wall Street, and I know that nine-tenths of the bankers and brokers are thieves. I like your face, Rob, or is it Bob your friends call you?"

"Bob."

"Then it's Bob for mine, for you've stood my friend this night. You won't lose nothing by it, neither. I'm worth ten millions. I made a big clean-up on French Creek last summer. Did you never hear of Arnold the Gold King?"

"I certainly have!" cried Bob, and he spoke the truth.

"Well, that's me. What's your firm?"

"Barry & Co."

"Oh, there's a Co., is there? Sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I was thinking that I might Co. in with you. Ha! Ha! Ha! Do you tumble? But that's just my little joke. Say, Bob, do you do a brokerage as well as a banking business?"

"We do."

"Nuff said. To-night you dine with me at the Waldorf. To-morrow I'll see you at your office, and if you can put me up

against something good, I'll go you. Might as well trust you as some fellow I know nothing about."

"Why, you really know nothing about me, Mr. Arnold."

"I'll be hanged if I don't. I know yours is an honest face. I read all men by their faces, boy, and my reading is never wrong."

He rattled on, telling wonderfully interesting stories about Alaska and his life there.

"By thunder, if he really is Arnold the Gold King, I've caught my big fish in a Turkish bath tank perhaps," thought Bob; and when Arnold again urged him to dine at the Waldorf he accepted.

"I hope to goodness he don't put in any more booze till I'm through with him," Bob thought. "Anything but having a drunken man on one's hands, and a drunken giant is ten times worse."

Arnold was tolerably sober when at last they left the bath together, but he steered for the first cafe as soon as they turned up Broadway.

"Come on, Bob, and have a drink," he roared, for now that he was on the street he seemed to think it necessary to shout in order to make himself heard.

"Thanks. I never touch the stuff," replied Bob.

"What! You don't drink whisky?"

"No. I see no necessity for it."

"Holy mackerel! You wouldn't last long up in the Klondike, boy. Have a glass of beer?"

"I don't even drink beer."

"Dang it all, drink water, then—any old thing. Come on in. Say, where are all the people?"

It was now seven o'clock, and lower Broadway was almost deserted.

"All gone home," replied Bob. "Very few live down here."

"Is that so? I see I've a lot to learn about New York."

"How long have you been here?" asked Bob as they entered the cafe.

"Oh, I just blew in this morning. Now then, young fellow, give me some of your best fire-water. This gentleman will have—name it, Bob."

"Ginger ale."

"Right-o."

He poured out a full glass of whisky.

"Don't squint skew-ways at me. I'm paying for it," he said to the disgusted "barkeep."

"I suppose you just have to drink it," remarked Bob with a touch of pity in his tone.

Instantly the giant dashed the glass to the floor, where it was shattered to atoms.

"Just to prove you're wrong, there!" he cried. "I swear off for a month. If you catch the smell of booze on my breath within the next thirty days I'll write you a check for five thousand dollars. Come, let's be off for the Waldorf Astoria."

CHAPTER VII.

BOB LANDS HIS BIG FISH.

"There was the oddest man looking for you half an hour ago, Bob," said Mr. Sampson when the boy banker turned up at business a little late next morning.

"A very large man?" asked Bob.

"A giant."

"That's all right. He's a new customer. I wish you had introduced him to Sandy."

"He wouldn't have it. Insisted on seeing you personally," put in Sandy, coming out of the private office.

"He said he'd look in again," added Mr. Sampson.

"Who is he, Bob?" inquired Sandy.

"A big fish at last," replied Bob, closing the door.

"You don't say. Where did you catch him?"

"In a Turkish bath tank."

"Come, now!"

"I'm in earnest. It was at the Produce Exchange yesterday afternoon. He was a bit loaded. Slipped and fell into the deepest part of the tank. I pulled him out or he might have drowned, for he can't swim. Ever hear of Dick Arnold the Klondike Gold King?"

"I've read about him, of course."

"Well, that's the man. I dined with him at the Waldorf last night. He's worth ten millions to hear him tell it."

"I've no doubt it's true from what I've heard. I wish he'd open an account with us."

"Sandy, he has promised to do so."

"How much?"

"He didn't say. He's going in on stocks, too, and we get the business."

"Good enough! You've done well to land him. What are you going to put him next to?"

"A. & B."

"That's dead."

"Is it? Wait till I tell you a secret, boy. I sat next to Beaman in the hot room at the bath last night, and I heard him tell a friend that a big syndicate was quietly buying up all the A. & B. they can lay their hands on. There's going to be a big boom. I propose to jump in and buy to-day on my own account. Want to join me?"

"On margin?"

"Sure."

"How heavy do you propose to go in, Bob?"

"Five thousand. It's all my share of our capital will bear."

"Too much."

"Perhaps. I feel so certain that it's a bargain at 60, the present price, that I am going to risk it."

"Well, I'll go you. Let's see what it has opened at."

Sandy arose and consulted the tape.

"Gee! It's 65 1-8!" he exclaimed.

"Somebody is buying all right. It's a go, Sandy?"

"Yes."

Bob caught up the telephone and got Williamson on the wire.

"Barry & Co.!" he called. "That Barnes & Williamson? Give me Mr. Williamson. Good-morning. We've got ten thousand to put on A. & B. Do the best you can for us. What's that? Wouldn't advise it. That's all right. Bust ahead. All right. Good-by."

"Tried to discourage you, did he?" laughed Sandy.

"Yes; asked me if I was crazy. Wait till I put the Gold King next to A. & B., then he'll open his eyes."

"You didn't say anything to him about it last night, then?"

"Not a word. Thought it best to wait till he came here. Say, I hear him outside now."

"What a voice!" chuckled Sandy. "Like a foghorn."

"Mr. Arnold," announced the office boy.

"Show him in," said Bob.

"You ought to have kept him waiting," said Sandy. "It would have given him more of an idea of our importance."

"Wouldn't wash with that fellow, Sandy. Ten to one we'd lose him altogether."

The door opened and the Gold King came in with a rush.

"Good-morning, Bob! How's the boy?" he roared. "This your partner? Introduce me. How do you find yourself, Mr. Maguire? Oh, hang it all, I don't like last names. How are you, Sandy? That's what Bob called you last night, and what I'm going to call you this A. M. Now then, boys, I've been making a few inquiries about Barry & Co., and I find you are all right. To begin business, I propose to open an account with you. Will you take it?"

"Sure," laughed Bob. "Barry & Co. are out for business first, last and all the time."

"Correct," cried the Klondiker, and pulling out a check book, he seized a pen and wrote the check.

Bob's eyes grew big when he saw that it was on the Bank of Nevada, in San Francisco, and the amount was an even hundred thousand.

"Mr. Arnold," he said, striving to show no excitement, "before Barry & Co. can accept a check of that size on deposit, I consider it my duty to tell you that our capital—"

"Oh, hang your capital! It's only a fleabite with me, boy."

"No, but business is business. You just wouldn't let me talk business last night. This morning I insist upon it. Our capital is exactly \$25,000."

"That's all right. You can't scare me for a cent. Now then, I want to speculate; not on margin, mind you. None of that punk stuff for mine. I've heard enough about it and read enough. I want to buy outright and soak 'em away for a rise—see?"

"Best way if you can afford it, Mr. Arnold."

"Look here, Bob, what did I tell you last night when we were up in my room?"

"A whole lot that interested me."

"Didn't I tell you that I wanted to be called Dick, same as the boys do up in the Klondike?"

"You certainly did."

"Then do it. Don't let me have to tell you again. Same for yours, Sandy. Fire away, Bob. You were saying:

"I was going to tell you something which happened last night before I met you," continued Bob, and he went on to tell about A. & B.

The Klondiker listened with close attention.

"I know that railroad," he declared when Bob had finished. "I have covered the entire line twice. It's a good property; runs through a rich country. Tell you what you do, Bob, first off. I'll go in as a flyer to the same amount as you and Sandy; that is, \$10,000. Meanwhile, you get full particulars about the road. Names of the officers, capitalization, names of those principally interested, and so on. Write it all out for me—can you do that?"

"Part of it, anyway."

"Do the best you can, and I'll tell you why. It is my ambition to be a railroad president. Whose money do you imagine is going into this syndicate?"

"Some of the oil kings, probably. Beaman represents several."

"What's the matter with a gold king butting in and snatching the plum away from them? I'm prepared to put half my fortune into any good railroad if I can only get a controlling interest. There! Now you understand where I'm at, so bust ahead."

Bob and Sandy looked at each other in amazement.

"Big business for Barry & Co. to swing," remarked Bob, doubtfully.

"I'm out for big business, boy. If I win, we'll make myself president, you treasurer, Sandy vice-president, that clever old guy in the other office head director, and so on. It will give Barry & Co. a big boom on the Street, and perhaps I'll enter the firm as a special. I'll let you into another secret, boys. I've come to Wall Street to stay. So-long. See you to-morrow."

He breezed out as he had breezed in, leaving the boys in a state of excitement, as may be easily believed.

"If we can only make good and hold him," said Sandy. "It's a big contract for us to undertake. How shall we begin?"

"By taking Sampson into our confidence," replied Bob, promptly. "His advice is always sound."

Mr. Sampson was as much elated as the boys themselves.

"It's a great stroke of luck and the chance of a lifetime," he said. "Probably what he proposes is impossible, but that's not certain. You have done well to consult me, boys. Now let me tell you something. The main offices of the A. & B. are in Boston. The secretary, Benjamin Cushing, is an old school-mate of mine, and was once my most intimate friend."

"Luck!" cried Bob. "Then we ought to be right in it."

"Hear me out," continued Mr. Sampson. "I know it to be a fact that much of the A. & B. stock is held by conservative old Bostonians, who will naturally object to the control of the road passing out of their hands. Let me go to Boston by the first train. I am certain that I can return with full particulars. The thing may not be as difficult as would seem on its face."

"Go!" cried Bob, promptly. "Sandy will take your place until you return."

The day passed, proving a fair average one for business.

Barnes bought A. & B. very close to the opening quotation, but at the close it was selling at 68 1-4.

Bob conferred with Barnes, and learned that the stock was by no means the drug on the market it had been. Little had been offered. It was easy enough to buy on margin, of course, but that wanted for delivery was more difficult to get.

"Which surprised me," said Barnes. "What started you, Bob?"

"New customer," replied Bob, carelessly. "I told him what you said. I asked no questions when he told me to go ahead."

"The road isn't paying expenses, nor anywhere near it," declared Barnes. "This rise is just a temporary thing, as he will very quickly learn."

"You are usually right," was Bob's wise reply, and the conversation which took place over the 'phone ended.

Next morning shortly after ten the Gold King turned up again, this time in a brand new car of the most expensive make.

"What's the report on A. & B.?" was his first question.

"We got your stock. It has opened at 67 3-4, a slight falling off. We haven't got those statistics yet, but expect to have them during the day, or at the latest to-morrow."

"O. K. Put me next to something else on margin."

"I thought you never bought on margin?"

"I didn't say exactly that, or if I did I didn't mean it. I sometimes buy on margin in the morning and sell out at the close. An old stunt of mine. Hit or miss. Win or lose. I never carry stock on margin over night. Go \$20,000 on anything you think is good. I'll look in later in the day."

He was gone in an instant.

Bob studied the tape, and went in for his eccentric customer on an industrial—U. S. Soap Preferred.

Shortly after lunch came a despatch from Sampson.

Bob was out at the time, so Sandy opened it.

It read:

"Interview most satisfactory. Have full particulars, Am leaving 3, Shore Line. SAMPSON."

"The old man has lots of go in him yet," declared Bob when he read it. "How's U. S. Soap Preferred?"

"It has justified your judgment, Bob. It's up several points."

"Good enough. I want to show Dick that we know our business. Figure his profit as it stands, Sandy."

"Almost \$5,000," announced Sandy a few minutes later.

"Then let it go at that. I'll order Barnes to sell."

He did so, and the profit was entered on Arnold's account, which pleased the Gold King greatly when he came in shortly before three, more especially as just at the close U. S. Soap Preferred fell off to an extent which would have reduced his profit by nearly \$2,000.

"You did just right," he declared. "Barry & Co. for mine every time. What do you say to dining with me and taking in a show afterward? Both of you, I mean."

"I'm sorry to say I've got an engagement," replied Sandy. It was with Nellie.

He had promised to take her to the theater.

Bob could not plead the same truthfully, so after some demurring he yielded.

"I know you can't be dining with me every night," said Arnold. "I won't bother you again for a week."

"I'll be at the Waldorf at six," said Bob; "that is, unless something unforeseen prevents."

"That will just suit me," replied the Gold King. "But look here, Bob, use my car. I've got important business with a certain lawyer about some mining claims. I shall probably be with him a couple of hours. It's too blame cold to have the chauffeur hanging around outside. This January weather of yours goes right through a fellow's hide. I'd sooner be outside at 50 below up in the Klondike every time."

And as he refused to take no for an answer, Bob yielded again.

It was like old times when Mr. Nobley's car was often at his service to go up Broadway in a fine auto like this.

Bob took advantage of the occasion to look in on several business acquaintances. It was half-past five when he finally passed Madison Square on his way to the Waldorf.

"I certainly must get a car of my own," he thought as they were crossing Twenty-sixth street. The big buildings were rapidly emptying and the avenue was very crowded.

"Be very careful," Bob said to the chauffeur, "I don't want to get into any mix-up to-night."

He had scarcely spoken when a young girl suddenly loomed up directly in front of them, and to the boy banker's horror slipped and fell before the machine.

Nothing but the quick action of the chauffeur saved her. Bob's heart seemed to stand still, but, as it was, the car did not even graze the girl, who was neatly dressed.

Still, she did not rise, but lay exactly as she had fallen.

Bob sprang from the car and went to her aid.

"Why, she seems to have fainted!" he exclaimed as he bent over her.

"Heavens, how beautiful she is!" he thought. "I never saw such a handsome face."

Others joined him. A crowd was collecting. People were asking each other and the chauffeur if the girl had been struck, when she suddenly opened her eyes and her face assumed an expression of pain.

"Let me help you up," said Bob, extending his hand.

"I—I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle," she gasped. "Did the car strike me? I must have fainted."

"The car certainly did not strike you, miss, for which I am devoutly thankful."

Bob raised her up. She was just able to stand. It was evident that she was suffering greatly.

"My car is at your service, miss," said Bob. "If you can trust me I will take you home"; as he said it he handed her his business card.

"Why, I've heard of your firm," she said. "Every one on Wall Street has, and that's where I work. Are you Mr. Barry, or his partner?"

"My name is Barry."

"Why, certainly I can trust you. I shall be greatly obliged."

This was enough for Bob, and he helped the girl into the

car without more ado. In a moment they were running up the avenue.

"What is the address?" he asked.

It was on Thirty-second street, east of Third avenue.

"My name is Carrie Taylor," explained the girl. "I live with my widowed mother at that number."

"You say you work on Wall Street?" inquired Bob.

"Yes; I am a stenographer for Mr. Beaman, the broker."

"Indeed! One of the biggest guns on Wall Street."

"And one of the meanest," said the girl, bitterly. "Of course, I ought not to say such a thing, but it really is a shame the way the girls in his office are treated and how little he pays. I'm leaving just as soon as I can get another place."

"I wish she might work for us," thought Bob.

As yet Barry & Co. had never employed a stenographer. Sandy had attended to that work.

In a few moments the car was in front of an old brown-stone house bearing the number in question.

Bob helped Miss Taylor out and aided her to ascend the steps.

"You are certainly very kind," said the girl, extending her hand. "Won't you come in? Mother will want to thank you."

Bob was on the point of declining, when the door was opened by a silvery-haired old lady.

"My, Carrie! What is the matter that you had to be brought home in an automobile?" she exclaimed.

"I slipped and sprained my ankle, mother," explained Carrie. "This gentleman was good enough to bring me home. He is Mr. Barry, a Wall Street banker. You have heard me speak of his firm."

"As the boy bankers, yes," smiled Mrs. Taylor. "Won't you come in, Mr. Barry?"

"I think not to-night," replied Bob, "but with your permission I'll call to-morrow to see how Miss Taylor is."

"My, but she's a stunner!" he said to himself as he returned to the car. "I never met a girl whose face made such an impression on me."

He was not able to get it out of his head all the evening in spite of the show and Arnold's rapid talk.

"What a blessing she was not killed outright," thought Bob as he was preparing for bed. "I propose to see more of that girl."

It was the first time Bob Barry had ever been seriously attracted by a pretty face.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEAMAN TRIES TO BRIBE BARRY & CO.

Bob met Sandy on the way down next morning, and when they reached the office Mr. Sampson was on hand.

He had carefully noted all particulars learned about A. & B., and he handed Bob the paper, saying:

"I think you will not only be pleased, but surprised with this, boys. The stunt our Gold King proposes is by no means impossible, but it will take big money to bring it about. Several of the larger stockholders in Boston have become disgusted with the road, as it has paid no dividends in two years. But study the situation for yourselves. I have tried to make it plain."

And study it they did. By the time Dick Arnold turned up, Bob felt that he thoroughly understood.

"Well?" demanded the Gold King. "I see Sampson is back. What's the word?"

"We think it can be done," replied Bob.

"How much will it take to gather in a controlling interest?"

"At present quotations, about half a million, if you would be willing to join issue with one large Boston stockholder."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Cushing is not telling. His holdings are carried on the books in his name."

"That is, Cushing's name?"

"Yes. He will act for this party right through."

"Man or woman?"

"We don't know. Sampson thinks it's a woman."

"And if the syndicate gets hold of her?"

"Cushing, as attorney, will sign an agreement that no stock belonging to this holding shall be offered for sale for three years if you can show possession of enough to give you two a controlling interest."

"But I shall have to know the real name when the agreement is signed, Bob."

"Certainly, but Cushing is giving nothing away till then. He is coming over to New York to see us the first of next week. Very likely he will be willing to tell then."

Bob went on to explain the situation in full detail.

Now, figures and details are but dry reading, so we propose to cut them out.

Enough to say that Bob convinced the Gold King that by prompt action it would be quite possible to outwit the syndicate, providing he was willing to invest half a million and upward, according as the stock boomed.

"Anyway," he added, "our heavy buying and that of the syndicate which is sure to lock horns with us is bound to boom the stock, and should you find that we are taking you into deep water, then sell out at the eleventh hour; you are bound to be away ahead of the game."

For a long time the Klondiker studied Mr. Sampson's paper in silence, doing a lot of figuring.

"I'll go you, boys!" he exclaimed at length, "but you can't expect me to deposit so large a sum with Barry & Co."

"We don't expect it," replied Bob, promptly, "but we should like to act as your brokers."

"Done!" cried Arnold. "I'll deposit a draft on the Bank of Nevada to-morrow for half a million. What bank would you recommend?"

Bob named one of the largest on Wall Street, and thus the matter was settled.

Busy days followed.

It became necessary to take Barnes & Williamson in their confidence to a certain extent, but Dick Arnold's identity was carefully concealed.

To make this more certain, the Gold King kept away from Barry & Co.'s office altogether, shifting his quarters also to the Holland House, where Bob met him privately every evening. That they were also in constant communication over the telephone goes without saying.

And A. & B. boomed and boomed.

It was nip and tuck between Barnes and Beaman. The price was quickly forced up to 100, and then as offerings grew fewer, it steadily rose until at the end of the third week it had reached 106.

Meanwhile, Arnold and Mr. Cushing had met and the contract was signed.

Still, Barry & Co. did not know who had become the Gold King's associate in the transaction, for Arnold had sworn not to reveal the name or sex of the party until the controlling interest in the railroad was gained.

"It's all right, boys, I can assure you," he told them; "from my partner we have nothing to fear. Bust ahead. We will get there yet. You'll see."

During these days Bob called three times on Carrie Taylor.

The more he saw of the pretty stenographer the better he liked her, but he never said a word about her either to Sandy or the Gold King.

"How does the case stand now, Sandy?" asked Bob, entering the office one morning early in February, referring to the A. & B. scheme, of course.

"I've just received a statement from Mr. Cushing," replied Sandy. "Five hundred shares more will give Arnold the control."

"You don't mean it! None offering yesterday?"

"Not a share that could be really landed."

"Can't Cushing put us next to some one who will sell out privately?"

"He says no. The stock being a non-dividend payer, it has been tossed about the market a lot, and the names of only a fraction of the present actual holders appear on the transfer books."

"Gentleman to see you," announced the office boy, handing in a card.

"Show him in in five minutes," said Bob as he glanced at it.

He threw the card over to Sandy.

"Beaman!" cried Sandy. "He has smoked us out at last."

Thus far the name of Barry & Co. had not appeared in the papers in connection with the boom in A. & B.

It was not necessary that it should, since neither of the boys had a seat on the Stock Exchange, of course.

"Can Barnes & Williamson have given us away?" questioned Bob.

"Somebody has, sure."

"It would be a shabby trick after all the business we have done in this way."

"We mustn't jump to conclusions. For the last few days I have noticed that I have been followed. The syndicate will stop at nothing to beat us."

"We may as well receive him, I suppose. I shall keep my mouth shut. You're a slick talker, Bob. I am going to leave him to you."

Bob arose, opened the door and faced the big broker, who was inwardly furious at having been kept waiting by these boys.

"Mr. Beaman?" said Bob.

"That's me," replied the broker. "Can I have a private word with you?"

"With the firm. This is my partner, Mr. Maguire. Walk in."

Mr. Beaman took a chair, and the door was closed.

"I will begin by saying," commenced the broker, "that I have called in reference to A. & B. stock. Any denial that Barry & Co. have been behind some of the heavy purchases of this stock of the past few weeks will be quite useless. We know."

Bob was silent.

"Do you intend to deny it?" demanded the broker.

"No," replied Bob, feeling that denial would be useless.

"For whom are you acting?"

"Come, Mr. Beaman! That don't go. Do you give your customers away?"

"Mr. Barry," said the broker, trying to fix Bob's eye, which our hero declined, "it will pay your firm in this instance. I asked you a leading question. You have just asked me another. I answer sometimes. I do when I think it will pay."

"Then Barry & Co. don't. They are not that kind."

"Mr. Barry, on Wall Street a man must consult his own interests. I will freely admit that large interests which I represent have special reasons for desiring to control this railroad. You have made it hard for us, I will also admit; but I can make it very easy for your firm if you can induce your party or parties to sell out their entire holdings to us at present quotations. Indeed, a slight advance might be considered."

"Nothing doing."

"Don't use slang to me, young man. It is in poor taste. Let me add that we will pay a commission to Barry & Co. for this service. My parties have conferred and have decided upon the amount. Shall I name it?"

"I am listening."

"One—hundred—thousand—dollars."

Broker Beaman leaned back in his chair, threw back his coat and thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his expensive fancy vest.

"One—hundred—thousand—dollars!" he repeated in the same, slow fashion. "Pretty good business, boys."

"Do you expect us to sell out our customer for that or any other sum?" flashed Sandy, indignantly.

"Ha!" cried Mr. Beaman. "One man is behind it all. I thought as much."

Bob was distinctly vexed, while as for Sandy he could have sunk through the floor, so ashamed was he at having given himself away.

"Well, Mr. Barry," said the broker, after a brief silence. "Well? You you seem to be the business man of this firm."

Another slap at Sandy, who received it with ill grace.

"Nothing doing," retorted Bob. "Slang or no slang, that's my answer, Mr. Beaman."

He arose and flung the door open.

"You'll regret this, boy," cried the broker, angrily. "You don't know who you are going up against—see?"

He stalked out of the office in a huff.

"Bob, can you ever forgive me?" pleaded Sandy.

"It was a bad break, but let's forget it," replied Bob. "The syndicate seems to be getting desperate. I wonder why they are so anxious to control the road? On the face of it 'twould seem to be no such extra valuable property. I was thinking the other night that even if I had millions I should not care to invest in such a railroad to the extent Arnold has done. He has put away nearly \$100,000 now."

"It's his business. We have cleaned up something over \$50,000."

They had in commissions and by taking flyers on the stocks, but they were taking no more flyers now for Bob felt extremely uncertain as to what the syndicate might do. Indeed, he had half expected to have them start to break the market until this interview with Mr. Beaman, which had made him see the situation in a different light.

Evidently the syndicate really wanted to control the road.

Bob got Arnold on the wire and told him of the interview.

"Good boy!" called the Gold King. "The enemy is getting desperate. We'll win out, Bobby—you'll see."

"And then?" demanded Bob.

"Listen here till I tell you what that call actually meant. The company holds its annual meeting and election of officers a week from next Tuesday. It's my opinion that the syndicate and yours truly are running neck and neck."

Just as Bob was thinking of going out to lunch there was a call over the desk 'phone. There was no telephone booth in the private office, but there was one outside.

To Sandy's surprise Bob shifted the call to the booth and shut himself in.

"Now what does that mean?" questioned Sandy. "It's the first time Bob ever did anything like that."

It was so.

Thus far the partners had held no secrets from each other. It meant Carrie Taylor.

"Bob," she called—the acquaintance was rapidly progressing—"I am out at lunch. I've something most important to tell you. It concerns yourself. Could you meet me in St. Paul's church yard? I make it up there that I want to be sure that I am not shadowed, and you want to do the same."

"Detectives!"

"Yes."

"By gracious, I believe there has been a man at my heels for a week. A little fellow with reddish hair."

"He's a detective, Bob. I have seen him in our office, but I don't dare to say any more over the 'phone. Will you come?"

"Sure. Will fifteen minutes be time enough?"

"Make it half an hour. I want to finish my lunch."

"Correct. Many thanks, Carrie. I shan't forget this."

Not a word did Bob say when he rejoined Sandy.

It was just bashfulness with his partner and chum about his being interested in the girl, and yet there was no need.

When Bob got on Wall Street he looked everywhere for the red-headed man, but could see nothing of him.

He was not surprised, for thus far the shadowing had been confined to the times when he left the office in the afternoon and at night; he had not once seen the little man near the Holland House.

Carrie was on hand looking as petite and pretty as ever.

"You must think it very bold of me, Bob," she said as they walked among the tombs, "but I felt that you just ought to know."

"I am sure it's just right, whatever it is, Carrie. Out with it. Don't keep a fellow in suspense."

"It does seem like betraying the secrets of the office, but all the same I'm going to do it. Bob, I accidentally overheard Mr. Beaman talking to some one over the 'phone, and your firm was mentioned. What he said was 'We must down those infernal boy brokers at any cost.' He's no man at all, Bob, as far as honesty goes. You want to look out for yourself. He's sure going to frame up something against you."

"Not a doubt of it. Thank you, Carrie. Forewarned is forearmed. Beaman called on us this morning."

"You have an idea then what it's all about?"

"Oh, sure. It concerns a big stock deal we are putting over for a rich customer of ours. Same man who owns the automobile which came so near killing you."

"Have you any idea what he means to do?"

"No. I shall keep my eyes open, though. You didn't see anything of that detective, did you?"

"Well, I did see him, Bob, when I started out to lunch, but I guess he wasn't shadowing me."

"He's been shadowing me, all right. No; not just now. You needn't look scared. I don't believe it has done him much good, though."

"I must be going, Bob. When shall I see you again?"

"What's the matter with taking in some show to-morrow night? This evening I'm engaged."

It was the first time he had asked her to go out with him and Carrie knew that she was blushing when she consented.

"All right," said Bob, delightedly. "I'll get the tickets. Anything special you want to see?"

Carrie thought not. One show was as good to her as another in Bob's company, if the truth had been told.

"I think I better go back to the office alone," she said.

"It won't do for the detective to see us walking together on Broadway."

"Decidedly not," replied Bob, and they parted.

"A nice girl," the boy broker told himself. "I must speak to Sandy about her—some day."

On his way down Wall Street Bob ran into Broker Williamson, to whom he mentioned Beaman's call.

"I hope you don't imagine there is any leak in our office,"

exclaimed Mr. Williamson, "for I want you to distinctly understand there's not."

"I don't," said Bob. "It's the work of detectives. That you have been buying A. & B. on account of Barry & Co. is not such a difficult thing to find out."

They parted without any mention of the heavy bribe offered by Mr. Beaman.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VANISHING OF THE GOLD KING.

"Arnold wants to see you right away, Bob," said Sandy, when Bob entered the office a few days later.

During the time intervening between this day and Mr. Beaman's visit nothing of particular note had occurred except Bob's evening outing with Carrie, which had been a perfect success.

"What's he want?" demanded Bob. "Anything new turned up?"

"He wouldn't say. I don't want to accuse him unjustly, but I think he had been drinking."

"Why, he swore off for a month and I haven't seen a trace of liquor on him since. But come to think of it, Sandy, the month was up yesterday. Botheration! I hope he don't carry it to any length."

"It certainly is to be hoped not with all the money that's involved in our A. & B. deal. Shall you go up?"

"I suppose so. He wants to see me at the Holland House?"

"That's what he said."

"Then I may as well go now and get through with it."

He started, but before he had reached Broadway he saw the Klondiker's car swing into Wall Street.

Arnold instantly spied him, and, hailing him, drew up at the curb.

"Get in, Bobby!" he roared. "I want to talk with you. Get in, quick."

He had been drinking, that was evident.

Indeed he made no attempt to deny it, but exclaimed as soon as Bob got into the car:

"Drunk again, Bob, and glad of it. My month's swear-off was up yesterday."

"Yes, I know," replied Bob. "It's just a month since we met that night at the bath."

"Seems like a year—like I'd known you always. I'll go to your place. Want to draw a few thousands. I'm going on a regular bat, Bob, and I want you to go with me."

"But you know I never drink, Dick," replied Bob. "Besides I've lots of business to attend to."

"So've I. Don't want you to drink. Want you to take care of me. Can't you do that?"

"I must, I suppose," reflected Bob. "Barry & C. are in too deep with this man to have him turn sour on us now."

He was right.

Disagreeable as such things as steering drunken men are to a good business man there are times when it has to be done.

Arrived at the office, the Gold King slapped Mr. Sampson on the back with such force that the poor man's false teeth fell out of his mouth.

He almost dislocated Sandy's wrist the way he wrung his hand.

Then he drew a check on Barry & Co. for \$5,000, and there was nothing for it but to give him the cash.

"Now we're off, Bobby!" he roared. "Don't get mad, Sandy, that I'm not inviting you, and don't get rattled if I keep Bob out of school—away from business, I mean, two or three days."

"You don't want to forget the annual meeting of the A. & B. at Boston next Tuesday," said Sandy. "You said you were going to attend anyway, even if we didn't get those five hundred shares, of which there seems little chance."

"Little chance, hey!" fairly bellowed the Klondiker. "Boy, you don't know what you're talking about. Why, I've got 'em—that is, as good as got 'em—right now."

"Now what do you know about that?" cried Bob.

"Never you mind what I know. I'll tell you when I get good and ready," was the retort. "Come along, Bobby. I'm not so drunk but what I can tend to business—you'll see."

There was nothing for it but to yield.

"It's too bad," declared Mr. Sampson, after they had gone, "and we so near success! If Mr. Cushing was to see him now I believe he would instantly cancel that contract. He is a very particular man."

"I don't envy Bob his job, I must say," replied Sandy. "I wonder where in the world he means to go."

They went to the nearest cafe first where Arnold not only put away a drink, but bought a quart flask of whisky in spite of Bob's vigorous protest.

"You shut up," he said. "I know my business."

"Bill," he told the colored chauffeur, a new man whom Bob had never seen, "you know where I want to go. Go there, and be blamed quick about it, too."

"Yes, sir. Suah!" grinned the darky, and they started up Broadway.

"Now then, Bobby, read this," said Arnold, and he produced a letter bearing the Boston postmark.

Bob drew out the enclosure and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. ARNOLD:

"I am advising you privately of a little lot of A. & B. stock, 600 shares, which I have just located in private hands. Thought it was not necessary to bring Barry & Co. into this."

"A Mrs. Madison, living on Vine street, Arcola, New Jersey, is the holder. I understand she is an elderly person in straightened circumstances. She is mortally afraid of being robbed by Wall Street brokers, hence I thought you could do better with her by making a direct application. If you are lucky enough to secure this stock our fight is over and we shall have gained control of the road."

"Yours truly,

"BENJAMIN CUSHING."

"Good enough!" cried Bob.

"It's all straight, isn't it?" asked Arnold, thickly. "Thash his writing, ain't it?"

"You ought to know his writing better than I, Dick. Barry & C. have had little correspondence with the man."

"Do know it. Thash genuine, all right. Now then, boy, hain't we in luck? Shay, it's great."

He put the letter away with a show of owl's solemnity, remarking that Bob might rely upon him for coming it over the ladies, especially old ones.

"Now then for something else, Bobby," he said after a few moments, during which he seemed to lapse into a doze. "S'pose you often wondered why that syndicate wanted A. & B. bad 'nuff to boom the stock way they did."

"I sure have."

"I can tell you."

"Tell it."

"For the same reason why I wanted it—see?"

"That tells me nothing, Dick. Brace up."

"I'm all right, an' don't you forget it. Tell you why, boy. First time ever told a living soul. There's coal on the lands of the company. Big deposit—finest kind—three places. Fortune in it—see?"

"How did you find that out?"

"From a mining engineer who worked for me up in the Klondike. He discovered it. Then I went there myself and seen it, boy, seen it with my own two eyes. Tell you it's great."

Bob was deeply interested, of course, and he started to question the Gold King further about it, but got nowhere.

"Shut up! Shan't let go another blame thing," was the reply. "I'm talking too much. Wait till I'm president of the A. & B. then you'll see."

He took a long pull at the flask then, though Bob most earnestly begged him not to.

Other pulls followed. His talk became silly.

By the time they reached the Fort Lee Ferry Dick Arnold was very drunk, but still he was able to sit up and pay attention.

He fell asleep while they were crossing the ferry, but braced up again on the other side.

"Shay, Bobbie," he muttered, "may as well give you that party's address. Mrs. Madison, Vine street, Arcola, N. J., that's New Jersey—see?"

"Right," said Bob. "Want me to deal with her, Dick?"

"Not on your life! You hain't no good with the ladies. I'm the boy to get 'round them—specially old ones—see?"

After that he collapsed altogether and went sound asleep.

Bob had some notion of trying to get the bottle away from him, and said as much to the chauffeur.

"Better not, boss," replied the man. "He's powerful strong fella. He'll wake up and break yo' head fo' suah."

They passed through Hackensack and ran out on the Arcola boulevard for some distance.

The country was all farms. But few houses were to be seen.

"Are you sure you know exactly where you are going?" Bob inquired.

"Dunno nuffin' 'tall about it," replied the chauffeur. "He done tole me to fetch him to Arcola, an' heah we be."

"Confound it. I thought you knew where we were to go. We want Vine street. I shall have to inquire. Pull up at that house on ahead."

The chauffeur obeyed with a retort.

Bob knocked on the door of the farmhouse, but getting no answer started around to the rear where he found a woman at work in the kitchen.

"Can you tell me where Vine street is, ma'am?" asked Bob.

"Which way did you come?" inquired the woman.

"From Hackensack."

"Then you've passed it. Third cross-road back. Who are you looking for?"

"A Mrs. Madison."

"Yes? Hers is the third house north of the boulevard."

Bob thanked the woman and went back around the house.

"Now what do you know about that?" he gasped.

The car had vanished.

"It beats the band!" groaned Bob. "Now what am I going to do?"

He hurried out on the road and there could see the car vanishing in the distance in the direction of Hackensack.

"Can this be a put-up job?" he asked himself. "I can't believe Arnold would voluntarily desert me. Is it not possible that Beaman is at the bottom of this? That coon is a new one. He may be Beaman's tool."

It was too despairing.

There was nothing to be done but to accept the situation, however, so Bob walked on determined to look up Mrs. Madison and capture the stock if the thing was possible.

He readily located the house and when he rang the bell the old lady who came to the door announced that she was Mrs. Madison herself.

Bob handed her his business card.

"I understand that you have five hundred shares of A. & B. stock which you are willing to dispose of," he said.

The woman looked surprised.

"I'm afraid I have made some terrible mistake!" she gasped. "Young man, yours is an honest face. Won't you come in? I should greatly like to have a little talk with you."

"Certainly," replied Bob, and he was conducted into a neatly furnished parlor where Mrs. Madison placed a chair.

"I did have that stock," she began. "I only wish I had it now."

Bob's hopes sank instantly.

"What! Have you parted with it!" he cried.

"Unfortunately, I have, and I begin to fear I have made a terrible mistake," replied Mrs. Madison, anxiously.

"You certainly have unless you sold it for a good price."

"I was told it was doubtful if it had any value, that it had paid no dividends in several yards."

"The last is true; all the same those shares are very valuable. I stand ready to buy them at the market price."

"What is that?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a share or thereabouts."

"Mercy on me, young man! You don't mean it!"

"But I do mean it."

"How much would that amount to? I can't figure it in my head."

"It amounts to a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

Mrs. Madison almost fell off her chair.

"Oh, what a fool I've been!" she cried. "He has robbed me shamefully. But I was afraid so. That's why I wrote to the Boston office of the company to find out what the stock was really worth. Mr. Cushing, the secretary, answered me. He said somebody would call on me in a day or two and tell me all about the stock."

"I came from Mr. Cushing. What a pity you didn't write before you sold."

"Do you! My, oh my! What a fool I've been!"

"Do you never read the papers, ma'am? The stock quotations appear on the financial page every day."

"I very seldom read the papers, young man. I don't know anything about financial matters. That stock belonged to my brother who died in this house three months ago. His will left me everything, he being a bachelor. When I came to look over his things I found this stock. It was wrapped in paper and he had written across it 'A very poor investment.' I

thought that meant the shares were no good, so I did nothing about them."

"Where are they now?" demanded Bob, feeling that she was never going to come to the point.

"I sold them to young Martin Brown, sir. He is a wild chap whom my brother formerly took an interest in. He came here a few days ago; I hadn't seen him in several years. He asked me if I had the shares, and when I showed them to him he told me they had a value, but not much, so I——"

"Sold them to him! How much?"

"A thousand dollars, and glad enough I was to get the money, but after he had gone I remembered what a liar he had always been, so I wrote to Mr. Cushing——"

"All too late. My dear lady, you have been outrageously swindled. This Brown should be arrested. Have you his address?"

"No, sir. I have no idea where he can be found."

"He paid you for the stock?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He paid cash, and glad enough I was to get it."

"He is just a common swindler, Mrs. Madison."

"I was afraid so when I got that letter."

"From Mr. Cushing?"

"Yes."

"It is a miserable shame you ever let him have the stock," sighed Bob, who could scarcely conceal his disappointment, "but it can't be helped now."

"And you would have given me all that great sum for the shares?"

"I certainly would. But cheer up, Mrs. Madison. It was simply highway robbery to treat you so. If I can get on the trail of this fellow there may be a chance to either recover the shares or make him pay you what they are worth."

Bob pulled out then and walked to the trolley, changing to the trains at Hackensack and returning to New York.

"What can be done?" asked Sandy, when Bob reported the case.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the reply. "Brown is such a common name. Next to impossible to locate the fellow, I'm afraid. We will post Barnes & Williamson. They may be able to pick up the shares on change."

"And about our friend Dick?"

"Nothing now. If he don't turn up at the Holland House to-night I'll put a detective on his trail."

"That's my idea. I doubt if the syndicate would even stop at murder to gain their ends."

"Oh, not so bad as that, Sandy," protested Bob; but just the same he had his doubts, which became stronger when he learned next morning that nothing had been seen of the Gold King at his hotel.

Bob saw Barnes at once and instructed him to keep his eyes open for Mrs. Madison's stock.

While A. & B. was still traded in both on the Stock Exchange and the Consolidated, it was generally understood on the street that deliveries of the stock were impossible.

"I'm sure to be approached if the fellow hasn't sold to the syndicate," declared Barnes, "which is altogether probable."

It was on Thursday that the Gold King vanished.

On Friday Bob started a detective on his trail and notified Mr. Cushing that Arnold was missing over the telephone.

The secretary was greatly excited, for Bob told him the whole story.

"It will be a bitter disappointment both to me and my client if the syndicate gets control of the road," he declared. "All kinds of pressure has been brought to bear on me to induce me to sell out Mr. Arnold. It is an amazing pity that he could not have kept his head, for if he don't turn up at the annual meeting to vote on his holdings nothing can save us."

"I shall do my best," Bob assured him.

Friday passed.

No news of the Gold King. Barry & Co. had utterly failed in their efforts to discover Brown.

On Friday evening Bob called on Carrie. It was the first time he had seen her since they took in the show.

Now Bob made it a rule never to talk of his business to anyone outside of the office. Even his own family were only taken into his confidence in a general way.

But while chatting with Carrie the conversation drifted to Mr. Beaman and Bob asked if she thought he was bad enough to hire a man murdered.

"I wouldn't want to say that, for, of course, I know nothing to warrant it," replied Carrie, "but all the same I consider him a thoroughly unprincipled man."

"He's all of that. I'll tell you why I asked. You remem-

her I spoke of a certain rich client of ours that day in St. Paul's church-yard?"

"Perfectly."

"I'll tell you a story about him. I don't care to mention his name."

Then out came the account of the trip to Arcola, and Bob added that of his interview with Mrs. Madison without referring to A. & B. by name.

"Martin Brown!" cried Carrie. "Why, that man was a clerk in our office up to six months ago. Beaman bounced him."

"Is it possible! What for?"

"I never knew exactly. They had a fearful quarrel. I never learned what it was about."

"Have you any idea where I can find him, Carrie?"

"Indeed, I haven't. I always detested the fellow and had as little to do with him as possible on that account. But he is not so very young, Bob. I should say he was certainly over forty."

"Mrs. Madison called him young, but then she must be over seventy herself."

"And he seems young to her."

"Can you describe him, Carrie? If he is a crook he may be going under some other name."

Carrie could and did.

"Miss O'Niel in our office used to flirt with him a good deal," she added. "Maybe she can tell something about him. I'll ask her, Bob, and let you know what she says over the 'phone."

After leaving Carrie, Bob went to the Holland House, hoping against hope that the Gold King might have turned up, but it was only to meet with disappointment.

Nothing had been seen or heard of the big Klondiker since he started on his spree.

CHAPTER X.

SANDY FISHES FOR THE MADISON STOCK.

Between ten and eleven on Saturday morning Sandy's nerves were racked again by having Bob switch another telephone call to the booth.

It was Carrie, of course.

"Miss O'Niel has given it away to me, Bob," she said. "It took some coaxing, but I got it out of her. Brown has set up as a broker on the Consolidated. He has an office at No. — Beaver street."

"Under his own name?" asked Bob.

"Yes. It seems he owned a seat on the Consolidated while he worked for us. I didn't know that before. Miss O'Niel says he hates Beaman and would do anything to down him."

"What is Miss O'Niel's position in the office, Carrie? I didn't think to ask last evening."

"Why, she's Beaman's private secretary. She knows all his secrets and— Good-by, Bob. I am wanted."

"Phew!" thought Bob. "Wonder if Beaman hasn't got that stock right now and Miss O'Niel has put a big slice of the price in her purse. Looks like it, I must say."

He had scarcely got back to the desk when Barnes called up from the floor of the Exchange.

"Bob," he said, "I have just been tipped off that there are five hundred shares of A. & B. being held by a certain party on the Street which he refuses to sell at any price; at least that's the story. If it's true he must know the whole story of the boom and intends playing Barry & Co. against Beaman at the last moment before the annual meeting."

"What's the name?" demanded Bob, eagerly.

"There's the sticker. My informant refused to tell. It's a feeler, Bob, surest thing you know. What shall I do?"

"Nothing until you hear from me," replied Bob, promptly, and hanging up the receiver he turned to Sandy and told him the whole story—how he came to know Carrie Taylor and all.

"I thought there was a woman in the case," chuckled Sandy. "Good for Carrie! What do you propose to do, Bob?"

"I believe I'll go around and see the fellow myself."

"Would that be good business?"

"I think so. I have an idea that I can throw a bluff which will make him give up the stock."

"How are you going to pay for it without Dick's account to draw on?"

"We've got it to draw on. There is about \$110,000 to his credit on Barry & Co.'s books. We can make up the balance if we have to pay full value, but I hope not to have to do that if this turns out to be Mrs. Madison's stock."

"How will you know? What was her brother's name?"

"Ralph Moorhouse. The stock is in his name."

"Do you feel justified in using Arnold's money?"

"Perfectly. I believe he will turn up. If he don't his heirs can make better terms with the syndicate if there is a controlling interest than without it."

"Where has he got the stock? Do you know?"

"No, Sandy. I don't. He never told me what he did with the shares we have turned over to him. I'm going to Brown's now to see what I can do. After that I shall go to lunch. You needn't look for me back until about two o'clock."

Reaching the number on Beaver street given by Miss O'Niel, Bob found that the building was one of the old red brick row opposite the Produce Exchange.

"Mr. Brown, Broker, 3d Floor," was the way the sign read. There was no elevator, so Bob toiled up the stairs and, entering the office, found himself confronted by a tall, strapping fellow who bore no resemblance to the person Carrie had described.

"Mr. Brown is on 'change,'" he said. "I'm a partner of his in a sort of way, though my name don't appear. Anything I can do?"

"No. I shall have to see him personally. When will he be in?" asked Bob.

"Twelve o'clock. Who shall I say?"

Bob handed the man his card and left.

Promptly at noon he returned.

"Not in yet," said the man. "You can wait. He's sure to be in soon."

Thus saying, he passed through an inner door, closing it behind him.

Whether it connected with a second office or not Bob could not see from the position in which he stood.

Bob scarcely had time to look around him before he heard some one in the hall and a man whom he at once recognized from Carrie's description came in.

He was decidedly a repulsive-looking person; moreover, he had been drinking.

"Want to see me?" he demanded, laying aside his hat and sitting down at the desk.

"You are Mr. Brown?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

"My name is Barry. Barry & Co."

"Boy bankers and brokers. Uh, huh! I know. Well?"

"Mr. Brown, I understand that you have five hundred shares of A. & B. for sale. I—"

"Who told you that?"

"No matter. Is it so?"

"Listen here. I know all about your operations. You've been booming A. & B. for somebody, young man. Old stick-in-the-mud Beaman has been booming for some one else. By—hic—by booming I mean buying all you can lay your hands on. Thought you were mighty secret, didn't you? All the same I know it's Barry & Co. Barnes has been buying for. Spouse I have five hundred shares. What'll you gimme for the lot? Thousand dollars a share?"

He was drunker than Bob thought. His little eyes kept blinking as he talked.

Bob realized that he was dealing with a crook, but he could not bring himself to believe that he was a clever one from the man's appearance and talk.

"Hardly," replied Bob. "It stood at 251¼ when I left the office."

"That's nothing to do with it. There's none offering, as you know blamed well. Say, who's behind you fellers, anyhow?"

"Of course I'm not answering that question, Mr. Brown."

"Who told you I had the stock? Who told you, I say?"

"Mrs. Madison of Arcola, New Jersey, if you must know," he blurted out. "What's more, she told me what you paid for it. You'll have to give up that stock if you want to avoid trouble, Mr. Brown, but I don't ask you to do it for the price you paid. I am willing to double that amount. The remainder of its value I shall pay to Mrs. Madison."

Brown sat blinking in silence.

"Well, do you deny it?" demanded Bob at length.

"Mit nothin', ny nothin'," mumbled Brown. "Wait. Must sult my partner. Joe! Oh, Joe!"

The inner door opened and the tall young man entered.

"Hear what this feller said?" demanded Brown.

"Yes, I heard."

"Know what to do?"

"Yes, I know. What we agreed on."

"Do it."

Quick as a flash the fellow grabbed Bob by the throat and in spite of his struggles choked him until he fell unconscious.

When the boy banker came to himself he was seated in a chair with his hands tied to the back, his feet to the rung and a handkerchief had been tied tightly over his mouth.

The young man stood looking at him in silence. Broker Brown was fumbling with some papers at his desk.

"Joe!" said the broker, after a moment. "Oh, Joe!"

"Well, here I am. Don't yell so. One would suppose I was a mile away," was the surly reply.

"Go and see Beaman. Tell him I've got Barry a prisoner. Tell him if he wants that stock he must come to the terms you gave him right now. Tell him the secret of Barry's backer goes with it. No charge for that. Make him understand that we are in position to get it—see?"

"All right, Brownie. Don't you hoist any more booze while I'm gone, old man."

"Mind your own—hic—own business. Lock the door. Go out ozzier way and lock that, too."

The door was locked and Joe vanished.

Then Bob got a tongue-lashing, which we don't propose to quote.

Powerless to reply, all Bob could do was to sit and take it.

Through with his wild talk, Brown produced a flask and took a drink.

"Now then, Barry and Co., listen here," he said. "I've told you what I thought of you. Now I'm going to tell you what I'll do in case I can't make old Beaman cough up, which I don't expect. I'll stick to my original proposal. For half a million I'll give you that stock and jump the town. I know the whole situation. Got it straight from old Beaman's private secretary. Only thing I don't know's name of your backer. If Beaman wants that you've got to give it up or I'll kill you—see?"

Bob gazed at him steadily. It was all he could do.

Another drink—another doze.

Standing up again, the broker, now very drunk, went on a new tack.

"Mebbe you think I'm bluffing and hain't got the stock!" he cried. "I'll show you! I'll show you, boy. Look here!"

Fumbling in his desk, he produced the shares, opened them up, flourished them before Bob, folded them again and, putting a rubber band around them, threw them down on the table.

Another drink.

Brown had scarcely replaced the flask when his head fell over.

The broker sank off into a profound sleep.

At the office of Barry & Co. two o'clock came, but brought no Bob.

In spite of its being Saturday afternoon, several matters of importance came up which demanded his attention.

One of these—it was in connection with an excellent piece of commercial paper to be discounted—called for the keeping of an appointment at half-past two.

Now Bob never missed an appointment.

About this he was most particular. When he did not come Sandy grew seriously alarmed.

"There must be something wrong," he told Mr. Sampson. "I'm going to look for him."

"Have you any idea where to find him?" the bookkeeper asked.

"In a general way, yes," replied Sandy, who did not feel justified in telling Mr. Sampson just what Bob's errand had been.

He hurried around to Beaver street, located the building and in a moment was trying the door of Brown's office.

By this time Bob himself, wearied with long waiting, dropped asleep.

Sandy could hear loud snores inside.

"What am I up against?" he asked himself. "This is very singular. It will pay to go a bit slow."

Through the open door of a vacant office he had noticed an empty packing case.

This he dragged under the transom over Brown's office door and climbed upon it.

A glance revealed the situation.

It revealed more to Sandy's sharp eyes.

He was able to read the printed face of the topmost stock certificate in the pile.

Here was the Madison stock! It was the much coveted A. & B.

"By Jove, since Bob's asleep let him stop asleep a few minutes longer," thought Sandy. "I'm going for that stock!"

He remembered a hardware store on that same block on Beaver street and he hurried there with all speed.

"Give me the biggest fish-hook you've got and a line," he said to the clerk.

A big cod hook was handed out to him.

"Got a long stick?" he asked.

The clerk accommodated him that way also and Sandy departed, leaving him puzzled enough.

Meanwhile Bob had waked up.

Bob glared at the dozing broker and was about to make another desperate effort to get free when the unexpected happened.

A noise at the transom attracted his attention.

A long stick to which was attached a line and hook shot over the table.

The package of stock was fished up by the intruder, whom Bob recognized as his partner, Sandy Maguire.

The handkerchief had slipped a little previous to this and Bob was able to speak in a muffled way.

"Good for you, boy!" he whispered. "That's Mrs. Madison's stock. Don't stop to ask questions or to set me free. Get Barnes. Have this stock put up for sale on the Board and let him buy it on our account. That will make a record. Then let Brown prove ownership if he can."

"But you—" whispered Sandy.

"Come back and attend to my case. Bring a cop. I'll have the scoundrel arrested."

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

Sandy had scarcely gone when the drunken broker awoke. "Oh, you're there still, are you?" he growled. "I must have dozed off."

He produced the flask and took another pull.

Then suddenly he remembered.

"Where's that stock?" he roared.

Bob sat mute.

Brown opened the table drawer; then he searched his desk and stood scratching his head.

Next he came over to Bob and examined his bonds, finding them perfectly secure.

"Say, I'm going to take off that handkerchief for a minute," he said. "If you holler I've got a revolver in my pocket and I'll shoot you dead."

Off came the handkerchief.

"What did I do with that stock?" demanded Brown.

"You put it away somewhere. I didn't observe. Had enough to do to think of myself," growled Bob.

"Of course I must have, seeing that you couldn't have touched it," snarled Brown, beginning to feel in his pockets. It was no go.

Suddenly turning on Bob, he roared:

"Barry, it's no use. You are revenging yourself on me. That fellow was in here while I slept and copped the stock."

"What fellow?"

"The one who knocked you out—Joe."

"I should be very likely to stand for him, wouldn't I?"

"Was he here or wasn't he?" thundered the broker, when all at once the door came in with a rush and there was Sandy and a policeman.

"I charge that man with assault and battery, officer!" cried Bob. "I came here on business. He ordered a man who is not here now to assault me. He choked me till I was unconscious and then tied me up as you see me now. I've been here for hours."

"You're under arrest, Brown," said the policeman.

Bob was set free by Sandy and then accompanied the policeman to the Old Slip station, where Bob made a formal complaint and Brown was locked up.

The boys now hurried to Barnes & Williamson's.

"Did my scheme go through all right?" asked Bob.

"It did. I bought the stock at 252," replied Barnes. "Queer start that. I'd like to understand what it means."

"I'll explain later," replied Bob. "Glad you got it, that's all."

Arrived at the office Mr. Sampson informed Bob that a lady was waiting for him in his private den.

"Carrie!" exclaimed Bob as he entered, and Sandy was introduced.

"Yes, Bob, it is I," said Carrie. "I've quit Beaman. I could stand it no longer. He crooked. He asked me to— But there, I'm just ashamed to say what it was. I've got some news for you, though."

"What's that?" demanded Bob, eagerly.

"Is the name of your rich client Arnold?"

"Yes."

"Well, then I know where he is or at least I think so. You see, Beaman almost always goes home early on Saturdays. He did to-day. After he had gone a man named Rider called up from Sloatsburg, New York. I asked if there was anything I could say to Mr. Beaman for him and he answered that I might tell him that Arnold of Johnstontown was very bad and it was unsafe to hold him any longer. What should he do. I knew your suspicions, Bob, so putting this and that together I came right here to tell you."

"We will hire a fast car, Sandy, and go up there at once," declared Bob. "Carrie, don't you want to go along?"

"I should love to if I could get word to my mother. I never was up among the Ramapos in winter. I should like to see them covered with snow above all things."

"Write a note to your mother and I'll send it up by special messenger. Tell her it will be pretty late when we get back."

This was done and the messenger dispatched.

Off in a fast car on a winter's evening with the temperature just low enough to be invigorating!

Bob drove the hired machine, while Sandy sat in the tonneau entertaining Carrie.

They took the Paterson plank road, and having passed through the Silk City, struck west on the Orange turnpike.

It was then that Bob first spied a big red touring car ahead of them which, try as he would, he was unable to pass.

All the way up to the entrance of the Ramapo Valley at Suffern the red touring car held its own.

"You have been here before, Bob?" Carrie asked.

"Once with Mr. Nobley. We went as far as Tuxedo where he had a rich customer."

"What became of Mr. Nobley?"

"He got five years in Atlanta. He's there now. It makes me sick to think of it. He was always good to me."

They ran on up the valley to Sloatsburg and still the red touring car kept ahead of them, but here they lost it, for Bob stopped to inquire for Mr. Rider, learning that he lived five miles in on the Johnstontown road.

"I don't believe you can ever find the place in the dark," remarked the man whom Bob asked. "It's off the main road."

"You know it?"

"Sure. I'm constable here."

"Come with us and I'll give you \$25."

The constable jumped at the chance and as they flew along the lonely road Bob explained their errand, speaking of Arnold as his partner.

On they flew among the mountains and turning aside from the main road at last brought up at a lonely farmhouse of the most primitive description.

And here, to Bob's surprise, they ran up against the red car again standing in front of the house.

"Why, that's Mr. Beaman's car!" exclaimed Carrie. "I noticed it ahead of us, but I did not recognize it till now."

"By Jove, look!" ejaculated Sandy.

They were just pulling up and now the door of the farmhouse was thrown back and Beaman himself walked out followed by two men, one colored, the other white, who had between them the giant Klondiker.

The Gold King appeared to be in a condition bordering on collapse. It was all he could do to walk even with the aid of his companions.

"That white man is Rider!" said the constable.

"And the coon is that rascally chauffeur," added Bob.

They sprang out and confronted Mr. Beaman, who gave a violent start as he recognized Bob and saw Carrie in the car.

"Bob!" gasped Arnold. "Thank heaven you have turned up. Get me out of this. I don't want to go away with this doctor to his sanitarium. I shall be all right if I can only get a chance to brace up."

"Doctor nothing!" cried Bob. "That man is Edward Beaman. Constable, arrest him! I charge him with kidnaping my partner."

The constable hesitated and perhaps it was just as well.

Without uttering a word, the broker, making a sign to the darky, sprang into his car, the coon following him.

They were off like a streak.

"Let them go," said Bob. "We've got what we want—the whole of it. Dick, will you come to New York with me?"

"I sure will, Bob. Say, I've played the fool all right. No more booze. I swore off for a month before and kept my word. This time I'll make it a year."

He did.

Since that day Arnold has never tasted liquor.

"Where do I come in?" growled Rider. "I've kept this man here a week and have had a deuce of a time. I was to get a hundred dollars, and—"

"Oh, you go to thunder!" broke in Bob, and helping Arnold into the car he sprang in himself, turned and started away. The first mile was covered in silence, then the Gold King spoke.

"Bob, can you forgive me?" he said.

"Sure, Dick. Forget it."

"I didn't know what I was doing. I remembered nothing from the time we were crossing the Fort Lee ferry till I found myself in that house where that long-legged, slab-sided galoot kept pumping the booze into me till I'm almost dead."

"You can thank your new chauffeur for that. Of course Beaman put him on to you. It was all a frame-up, Dick."

"And all my fault. I alone am to blame. Did you get the stock from Mrs. Madison, Bob?"

"Yes; I got it."

"Good boy! What day is this?"

"Saturday. You have to be in Boston on Tuesday, Dick."

"I'll be there if I'm still on earth, you bet. Then we've captured the control of A. & B.?"

"We sure have. I don't see what the syndicate can possibly do now to balk us."

The return trip was certainly not as enjoyable as the run out, and Bob was glad when after midnight he landed the Gold King safely at the Holland House.

"Come back and stay with me to-night after you have taken your girl home, Bob," Arnold pleaded.

It was no pleasant prospect, but Bob felt that business demanded that he should yield to the request.

He not only remained with the Klondiker that night, but until Monday morning, leaving him finally in better shape than might have been expected.

"When is he going to Boston?" asked Sandy, when Bob turned up at the office on Monday morning.

"To-night by the Fall River line and I go with him," was the reply.

And this program was carried out.

Nothing more was heard from the enemy.

Thanks to the energies of Barry & Co., Dick Arnold now had control of A. & B., for as Bob had surmised, Mr. Cushing's client was a woman, and a very old one at that.

The election was held; Arnold was chosen president, Mr. Cushing secretary and a relative of the old lady's was made treasurer.

Immediately the development of the rich coal lands was begun.

Five years have passed since the election. The railroad is now a dividend payer and in every sense of the word a big success.

So are our boy bankers and brokers.

Barry & Co. have steadily made money on Wall Street.

Bob and Sandy to-day are millionaires.

By Arnold's instructions Bob paid Mrs. Madison full price for her stock, to the old lady's immense delight.

He would have given Broker Brown his thousand, too, but the crook, released on bail, promptly vanished.

Carrie Taylor married Bob on the day our hero attained his majority.

It was a double wedding, for Nellie Barry was led to the altar by Sandy Maguire at the same time.

The big Klondiker stood best man for both grooms and the day after the wedding each bride received a \$5,000 check.

"And now I'm off for the coal fields to stay," Arnold declared. "I'm tired of New York. Wild life suits me better."

He took up his residence at the mines, personally directing their development, and lives there still, although he often breezes into the big Wall Street banking house of Barry & Co.

Next week's issue will contain "ON THE FAST MAIL; OR, FROM CLERK TO POSTMASTER."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE,

CURRENT NEWS

Sheldon Vandenberg carried out his threat the other afternoon to sell his \$25,000 house and lot in Broadway, Hastings, N. Y., to a negro to "get even" with his neighbors. The property was sold to John M. Royall, a colored man of New York, who is a dealer in real estate, for \$9,500. There was only one other bid from the small crowd which attended the sale. Vandenberg said he would not allow the property to go to a white man.

Melville W. Smith, a newspaper editor of No. 1130 Halsey street, Brooklyn, has erected a granite headstone over the grave of Tabby in the rear of the Smith home. Tabby, a cat, saved the lives of Mr. Smith, his wife and three children, by arousing them when their apartment was afire in 1905. At the age of fifteen Tabby was killed by a trolley car recently.

Jennie, a mule belonging to William Jeanneway of La Salle, Colo., believed that nothing could resist her heels. Consequently the animal tried to kick a Burlington engine and train off the track here recently. The mule walked deliberately down the track, and, when the train approached, faced about and let both heels fly at the pilot of the engine. Jeanneway only the day before had refused \$100 for the animal. Now he is looking for the pieces.

The placing of beef on the tariff free list has resulted in a vast increase in the importation of foreign beef and meat products. In October and November 18,000,000 pounds of meat and its products were brought from abroad. This is more than triple the amount imported for the whole of 1912. Nearly half of the imports or 8,000,000 pounds came from Canada. Argentina supplied 6,000,000 pounds, Australia 3,000,000 and Uruguay 550,000.

In Switzerland if a child does not attend school on a particular day the parent gets notice from the public authority that he is fined so many francs; the second day the fine is increased, and by the third day the amount becomes a serious one. In case of sickness the pupil is excused, but if there be any suspicion of shamming a doctor is sent. If the suspicion is discovered to be well founded the parent is required to pay the cost of the doctor's visit.

Chased ten miles by three gray wolves, Dr. George L. Hoel of Fort Collins, Colo., staggered into his home at night in a condition of utter exhaustion. "I was called to Livermore yesterday to treat a case of pneumonia," said the doctor, "and returned on a saddle horse. I reached Owl Canyon about 5 o'clock and there the three wolves came from the timber and began following me. I had to dismount frequently and break a trail for my horse. They were always too close for comfort."

Several Russian universities are in a bad way financially. That of Dorpat, Livonia, which was founded in 1632 and is one of the most ancient seats of learning in the Czar's empire has lawsuits pending against it for unpaid supplies of various kinds, the necessary funds not being available. The great university of Kharkoff is also in dire financial straits. It owes \$20,000, its treasury is empty and the university authorities have just made an urgent appeal to the Government for a subsidy of \$10,000 to pay off some of its most pressing debts. The coal merchant who supplies fuel to the university has not been paid for two years, there is no money even to print the university's periodical reports and papers and the teaching staff is about to be reduced. The official reason for this state of affairs is that there is "a diminution in the number of students."

Sometimes we wish to cut a glass bottle, tube, or vial in two, and have no diamond. There are other ways of cutting glass that are both simple and easy. If the tube or vial is small and thin, take a piece of iron wire about two feet long, and lay it in the coals of a fire till it is red-hot in the middle. Then let one boy hold the vial, and another, with gloves or pieces of cloth, to protect his hands, pick up the wire by the cool ends and coil the hot part quickly round the vial. Click! and the glass is snapped just where the hot wire touched. If the glass is thick and strong, scratch the glass all round, just where you wish it to break, with a small, sharp file, and then it will break readily. To cut a larger vial or bottle, hold it by the two ends and turn it slowly over and over just above a gas jet. The gas must be turned down low, and in rolling the bottle care must be taken to keep it steady, so that it will be heated in a perfect circle. Then drop the bottle, right side up, into a pail of cold water, and it will at once fall apart.

Though it may not be generally known, fresh pineapple juice contains a remarkably active digestive principle similar to pepsin. This principle has been termed "bromelin," and so powerful is its action upon proteids that it will digest as much as one thousand times its weight within a few hours. Its digestive activity varies in accordance with the kind of proteid to which it is subjected. Fibrin disappears entirely after a time. With the coagulated albumen of eggs the digestive process is slow, while with the albumen of meat its action seems first to produce a pulpy gelatinous mass, which, however, completely dissolves after a short time. When a slice of fresh pineapple is placed upon a raw beefsteak the surface of the steak becomes gradually gelatinous owing to the digestive action of the enzyme of the juice. Of course it is well known that digestive agents exist also in other fruits, but when it is considered that an average sized pineapple will yield nearly two pints of juice it will be seen that the digestive action of the whole fruit must be enormous.

CHEEK AND CHANCE

— OR —

TRAVELING ON HIS WITS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER V (Continued).

For any hint conveyed to him by the members of the family he might have remained there forever. But this was not in keeping with Andy's purpose. His visit became of full duration to suit his plans when the week was out.

Eddie had become deeply smitten with our young wanderer, and listened with rapt interest to Andy's stories of street life in New York. The country boy ever feels a fascination for the glamour of city life, and Eddie was no exception.

At the end of the week, therefore, Andy arose from the breakfast table and announced his intention of bidding his new found friends good-by. Mr. Davis looked up in surprise and protest. Mrs. Davis murmured a regret, Belle's eyes were downcast, and Eddie began to blubber.

"Why, how is this, Andy?" asked the selectman of Greendale. "I thought you had come among us to stay."

"I have partaken of your hospitality as long as I feel that I ought," replied Andy, politely. "Besides, I have many plans to carry out, and time slips rapidly by, perhaps losing me my opportunity."

"But I have guaranteed you good employment, Andy. Can you do any better than stay with us?"

Andy colored slightly as he saw an appealing, swift glance from Belle. This was his secret. He felt that it would not be safe for him to remain in Greendale. Honor bade him remain true to Nellie Spencer. Therefore, he was resolved to seek other fields, and when Andy made up his mind to a thing he was not easily turned.

So in spite of Mr. Davis' entreaties and pleadings, he bade farewell to his friends, and set forth once more in search of his fortune.

"I shall always feel a deep interest in you, my boy," said Mr. Davis, warmly, in parting. "Let me hear from you when you can, and when you want a friend come to me."

"I thank you very kindly," replied Andy. "I shall not forget your kindness. When I have won success in life you will hear from me again."

"Where do you intend to go from here?"

"Whether chance takes me," replied Andy. "That is my motto."

"May chance bring you happiness and honest prosperity," was Mr. Davis' parting wish.

Belle and her mother shook his hand in parting. But Eddie could not be found.

"He feels very bad to have you go, and could not trust himself to say farewell," apologized his mother. And with this farewell Andy was off.

As he had said, the young outcast had no definite idea as to where his footsteps might take him. Again he refrained from travel on the cars, and took the country highway, setting forth at random.

As Greendale soon faded from view behind him, and a new country began to unfold itself, Andy became absorbed in thoughts of the future, and was oblivious of aught else.

Had he been on his guard, and occasionally taken the pains to glance over his shoulder, he might have discovered the fact that he was followed persistently by a skulking figure. The fact was destined to prove of great importance later on.

For miles Andy trudged on over the country highway. The day was charming and the scenery beautiful. He heeded not fatigue or dust.

At noon he paused at a country house, and purchased for a few pennies of the farmer's wife some huckleberry pie, doughnuts and a pint of creamy milk. This refreshed him for the afternoon.

He did not push along very rapidly. At times he loitered. The unfolding of a new scene sometimes brought him to a halt. The heat at other times drove him to the shade of a wide spreading oak. Thus the day wore on.

When nightfall came he had reached the junction of several roads. One of these by the sign board led three miles further to a small town called Dobson. There he decided to find lodgings for the night.

Three miles was not a great distance, but the darkness shut down very quickly and densely. It was so intense as almost to be felt.

The road here led almost parallel with a railroad. Suddenly down the track through the gloom came the glare of a white headlight. A moment later a train went thundering by.

Andy half wished he was on it, for he was tired and hungry. But he pushed on a short distance only to be brought to a halt by something which gave him a bit of a start.

It was a lonely locality. The light of no dwelling was in sight. Just ahead, through an avenue of forest, the road rose to the crown of a little hill. On this outlined against the sky he saw dark figures moving. Andy came to a halt.

He was not a coward, nor did he apprehend peril to himself. Yet he knew that he had a respectable sum of money with him, and the dark figures might be those of honest men or not.

"Humph!" thought the young outcast, "I will find out first what is going on up there."

He shrunk into the shadows by the roadside and waited. Presently the figures began to advance down the hill. Four men, with muffled features, passed almost near enough for him to touch. They were conversing in hoarse whispers.

He heard snatches of their conversation, and the blood was chilled in his veins.

"Are ye sure yer watch is right, Jim?" asked one. "I believe that's ther ten-thirty express jest gone by."

"Of course I'm sure," growled another. "We've forty-five minutes yet."

"Thet's time enough. Who's got ther track jack?"

"It's hyar all right. All we need to do is to set the rail a leetle out of the bed plate, and yew kin bet you'll find pieces of thet ten-thirty express a mile along ther track."

"Ther swag is in ther second baggage car?"

"Yas."

"All right. See no mistake is made."

Instinctively Andy found himself following the villains. All was revealed to him like a printed book. They were a gang of train wreckers.

His whole being was on fire. A thousand terrific possibilities flashed through his brain. He pictured the on-rushing train, he saw the interior of the cars, the scores of passengers rushing unawares to death—the awful picture almost wrung a loud shout of protest from his lips. The impulse was upon him to run, to shout for help, to do anything to avert the awful catastrophe.

He trembled like one with the ague. A cold sweat was upon him, and yet he seemed powerless. What should or could he do? He was an infant against these four powerful men. It was an awful distance to the nearest habitation and succor seemed beyond call. All depended upon his wit alone—upon his one weak body, scores of lives—human lives.

But only for a moment was Andy weak. Then he became conscious of only one resolve, one purpose, and this was to save the train. At any cost it must be done. He stood ready to give his life.

He crept nearer to the train wreckers like a shadow. He lunged upon their heels and listened to every word uttered. An awful fascination drew him on. He could not have turned back, and yet he knew not just how to thwart the murderers.

The track turned into a path. The branches intersected above and the darkness was immense. Once Andy felt a chill. He knew he was also being followed even as he followed the train wreckers.

He paused and listened, but judged it a false alarm.

By this time they had come out upon the sand-bar between the railroad tracks.

Here the men followed the rails. Andy crept along after them. The roar of a stream was heard just ahead. Then the clatter of the tools and the wrenching of the rail. It was their purpose to throw the train from the trestle.

Andy heard them at their work. Then his plan was made.

He crept down to the edge of the streamlet. It was not deep but wide. He easily and silently waded it. He ran on along the track for a distance beyond. Then he began work.

Beside the track was a heap of decayed sleepers, always good fuel. In the woods were leaves and twigs. Andy brought all these out, and heaped them on the track.

He made a great pile, and then crouched down beside the rail listening for the distant roar of the train. Should his signal blaze up at the right moment, and the engineer could not fail to heed it, the train would be saved.

But suddenly a chill fell upon Andy. Hasty footsteps came along the track. Muffled exclamations ensued, and a lantern glare flashed up. He was discovered.

For a moment Andy knew not what to do. His chagrin was beyond description. But he was desperate.

Grabbing a heavy cudgel, he faced the train wreckers, determined to give his life in defense of the beacon, which was to save so many human lives.

CHAPTER VI.

A THRILLING SURPRISE.

It was true that the train wreckers had discovered Andy. Down the track they came, with low oaths and murderous cries.

"Who is it?"

"Is the game up? No, it's only a boy. Down him! Don't let him get away!"

Down upon the defenseless lad they swooped. Andy made desperate blows at them, but in a twinkling the club was dashed from his hands, and he was in the powerful grasp of his foes.

They handled him roughly, and flashed the lantern in his face.

"Who are ye, and what are ye doin' here?" was the rough query.

Andy flashed a determined glance into the dark faces lowering over him and retorted:

"I'm Andy Dunn."

"You are, eh?" growled the leader of the ruffians.

"Are ye alone? Tell the truth, now?"

"I refuse to tell," declared Andy.

A blow across the face hurt him cruelly, but he would not confess. The train wreckers were more and more angry.

"Come, Jim, settle his hash for him," roared one of them. "Time is going fast, an' there's work fer us to do!"

"Ye're right!" growled another.

"Mebbe the little coyote has sent a friend or pal for help. What shall we do with him anyway?"

"It's a case of self-defense. There's but one way. Throtle him!"

"I don't want the job!"

"Bring him down to the trestle there."

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

DURABILITY OF PAPER.

The fineness to which rags are ground has no direct influence on the durability of the paper, for even broken cells of linen and hemp remain unchanged for thousands of years in favorable conditions. The employment of strong alkalies and of starch size appears to be the cause of rag paper becoming yellow and brittle, while neutral or mildly alkaline treatment and animal size favor durability. Air drying favors the durability of paper. Even the best rag papers are injured if not destroyed by soaking or excessive dampness. It is impossible to speak with certainty of the durability of modern papers containing few or no rags, as the ultimate effect of the new process of making, sizing, loading and calendering cannot be foreseen. Many new papers have already proved their lack of permanence.

FINED \$50 FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Christian P. Christiansen of 700 West End avenue was fined \$50 by Recorder McGovern in Hoboken, N. J., for breaking a law making witchcraft a crime punishable by \$50 fine or six months in jail or both, which was enacted by the Colonial Assembly of New Jersey in 1700.

The law is one of a good many that were enacted at about the same time and have remained in the New Jersey statutes despite frequent revision. It is now included in an act concerning disorderly persons, last revised in 1898, which imposes equal punishment for drunkenness, vagrancy, wife beating and begging. Others of these old laws barred from the highways wagons less than five feet two inches broad, forbade persons to walk for pleasure on Sundays and made it illegal for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. The latter was repealed thirty years ago.

Christiansen, through his counsel, Julius J. Lichtenstein, pleaded guilty to the charge.

The Recorder said that, ancient as the Jersey witchcraft law is, he could not ignore it. He then announced the fine.

One of Christiansen's friends passed around the hat and in a jiffy the money was raised and the fine paid.

PIRATE IN DISGRACE.

When Andrew B. Nelson, sea rover and Arctic trader, of San Francisco, found business dull he turned pirate, but met with disaster, and was brought to port in irons, locked in the brig of the steam lumber schooner Williamette. He was turned over to the federal authorities, who held him in \$10,000 bail on a charge of assaulting Captain Reiner on the high seas, with intent to murder. Joseph Laramie, a bricklayer, who says he is from Selbyville, Ind., charged with being an accomplice, was held in the same bail. Neither man will admit that he knows the other.

Nelson was arrested after a hand-to-hand fight in the captain's cabin, which he had entered muffled in a towel, wearing a brown wig and a false mustache and carrying an automatic pistol in his hand. Though a smaller man,

Captain Reiner took the pistol away from the grotesque pirate, who then drew a double-action revolver. He was getting the better of the captain, when two sailors and a waiter rushed into the room, overpowered Nelson and ironed him. Laramie was standing outside the door while the fight was in progress. The Williamette carried \$1,500 in cash to pay her crew of twenty-five, and there were twenty-five passengers quartered aft. A launch followed the vessel, keeping distant about half a mile, for some time, and Captain Reiner believes the pirate intended to rob the safe and hold up the passengers for their cash and valuables and make his escape to shore in the launch. A member's card in the Masters, Mates and Pilots' Association of the Pacific, California Harbor No. 15, found in Nelson's pocket, was the clew that led to his history.

SMUGGLING TRICKS.

The recent seizure of fifty-nine tons of opium by government agents in the hold of the Pacific mail steamer Manchuria, at San Francisco, shows the limit to which opium smugglers will go to bring the drug into this country. Their persistence and ingenuity are baffling.

Opium has been concealed on board ships by Chinese sailors in the most inconceivable places. At one time a government officer walking along the deck, stumbled against a large tackle block used apparently on the boom with a heavy hawser for unloading cargo. It was about eighteen inches in diameter and three inches thick. Ordinarily it would have weighed 300 pounds. To his surprise, it rolled over. He found it to be made of tin, formed like a block and painted. It was hollow and filled with opium.

Another time an inspector located a "fake" drain pipe among other pipes. It seemed a part of the ship's fittings, but it proved to be a receptacle for opium, and might easily have been taken ashore.

One of the best-planned attempts to smuggle in a large quantity of opium took place in a large mail steamer. The drug had been sealed up in steel tanks about as large as a barrel, and these were introduced in the fresh-water vats. One inspector, with more curiosity than the rest, happened to look there, and found it.

Officers employed in this work naturally become most skilled in detecting secret places. They go into every part of the ship to look for the stuff. They even climb between the ribs of the boat. They put on their oilskins and take electric-light globes and examine every inch where other men can go.

The owners of the ships are doing all they can to stamp out the traffic, but it is a hard matter, because petty officers often connive with the sailors, and get their percentage for helping. And government employees earning \$3 a day are often offered large bribes.

It is a pretty lucrative business, too. The Chinese sailor pays about \$9 for a tin box of "hop" weighing a third of a pound. He pays \$5 more to get it smuggled over from China. In the United States he may sell it for any sum from \$25 to \$50.

AN IRISH ROBINHOOD

OR,

THE HEROES OF THE BRIDGE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

In truth, the man was almost frightened to death by the sudden attack, and he looked on the giant as a supernatural being altogether.

Returning to the half-scared man, Fingal took off his belt and commenced to bind his arms behind him, as he said:

"I'll not trust you too much till I try you better."

"You may trust me," answered the man, "as I was going to desert before morning, for I am sick and tired of soldiering."

"Is that the truth?"

"May I die if it isn't."

"What if I help you to get away?"

"Do it, and I'll serve you in whatever way I can do it."

Fingal looked earnestly at the fellow, and, believing that he was fully in earnest, he said:

"I'll trust you fully. Come down and get your gun. Now I want you to stand in here on guard as you were before, and don't challenge any one that passes. Are you able to swim well?"

"I am. I thought of deserting by swimming the river there."

"And so you can."

Fingal then placed his hand to his mouth and sent forth a peculiar cry.

In a few moments Una left the hiding-place, and stole down toward the river-side in search of the giant.

"'Tis all right," said the giant, as he stepped out from the shade. "This is a friend of ours."

"I am very glad of that," said Una, who trembled a little on seeing the soldier.

The giant gave another signal, and then Barney of the Bow hastened down.

After a little explanation, another cry was raised, and then De Courcay hastened down to join his friends, who were under the arch with the soldier.

The four friends were conversing under the shelter of the arch, and the soldier was walking to and fro outside, when he said:

"A party of the guard comes this way, and I fear some of you have been seen coming down here. Draw in closer, and I will strive to screen you all I can."

"Beware if you attempt to betray us," said Fingal, "as my gun is loaded and I have a deadly aim."

"No fear of that. Draw in."

The friends did draw in, and the soldier kept on his rounds.

They soon heard the tramp of the armed men, and the salutes between the sentry and the officer.

The soldier was honest in giving the pass-word for the night, as "The Broken Bridge" was the signal then given.

"Have you been on the alert?" cried the officer to the sentry.

"I have, sir."

"And did you not see any one passing down to the river a short time ago?"

"I saw nothing but a dog going down for a drink, sir."

"Then that must have been what I saw from the battlements," said the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"About face—march," cried the officer.

As the welcome words fell on the fugitives' ears the patrol party turned and left the spot, while the officer in command muttered to himself:

"I could have sworn it was a human being I saw stealing out from under the battlements, and I believe so still. That fellow is either blind or treacherous, and I will keep a strict eye on him."

The officer looked back over his shoulder as he marched along, and he saw that the man under his suspicion had paused before the blind arch.

The sentry was talking to Fingal at the moment in subdued tones, saying:

"I think the best of our play is to get away now as soon as possible, as the officer doubted the dog story."

"We will when they get out of sight, and we'll steal down to the river one by one. Remember that you are a lost man if we are found in here," said the giant.

"I know that, but I'll never be taken alive, you can depend on that."

"Are they out of sight yet?"

"The mischief! They are coming back this way again. We are all goners if they search this archway," said the soldier, in great agitation.

"They must not search it," said Barney of the Bow.

"How many are they?"

"Seven in all."

"We are enough for them. When they get back, if they offer to come in here, you strike down one or two of them on the instant, and we will tend to the rest, you may be sure. Then make to the river with us."

"I'll do it," answered the soldier, in low but firm tones. "One may as well strike for life as die by the rope."

The man was then parading to and fro again; and Barney stepped back to his friends, saying:

"There's only one thing for it if they offer to come in here."

"And that is a bold dash out at them," said Fingal.

"That's it. The three of us will dash out and down with them suddenly, then the lady will follow, and we'll all make for the river. See that you don't strike our friend outside."

The officer had now returned with his party, and he was again addressing the sentinel, saying:

"Are you certain there is no one concealed in that blind archway?"

"I am certain of it, sir. I searched the place when I came on duty here, and no one could have entered it since."

"We will search for ourselves. March in with——"

Before the unfortunate man could say another word the sentry struck him to the earth with his musket, crying:

"Take that for doubting my word. Out and at them, friends!"

There was no occasion for that signal, as Fingal and the others sprang out before the officer fell, and down went three of the soldiers on the instant.

One of the others sprang back suddenly and fired at the treacherous sentinel, who fell mortally wounded, as he groaned forth:

"It was my luck!"

Fingal and Barney of the Bow soon knocked the other men senseless, and then the leader cried:

"To the river for it now, and we'll swim to the other side!"

De Courcey seized Una's hand, and they all hastened to the river as fast as they could, while shouts and cries from above told them that the discharge had raised an alarm.

When they reached the river Una was the first to plunge boldly in, as she said, in cheerful tones:

"Dear old Shannon, I consign myself to thy care."

"And 'tis safe you'll be in her arms, my darling," said De Courcey, as he supported her with one hand. "Why, you swim like a duck."

"Like a swan it is," said Fingal, who was assisting the young girl on the other side. "Faith, but she could cross twice as far without a help from us at all."

"Keep your heads as low as you can," continued Barney of the Bow, who was behind them, "as they are swimming to the river now."

The English soldiers were swarming to the bank of the river, and one of the wounded at the arch had given the word that the fugitives had taken to the water.

"There they go, there they go!" arose the cry over the water; "send a volley after the rascals."

"Dive a little while," said Barney to his friends.

And they all went down, just as a shower of bullets struck the water all around them.

Barney of the Bow was the first to rise again, and then the others appeared soon after, Una seeming much exhausted.

The giant took the girl under his arm, and struck out with great vigor, as he said to her:

"A few brave strokes and we will be safe under the old bridge."

"Send another volley after them!" yelled the officer on shore, "and then some of you hasten over the bridge."

The giant and Una had reached the arch in safety when the second volley was sent over the water, while De Courcey and the outlaw escaped uninjured.

The boat was soon reached, and Una was lifted into it.

"That was a narrow escape, my dear," said the young soldier; "but I trust in goodness we are all safe now. You are shivering with the cold."

"I don't want to discourage you," said Barney, "but the worst is to come, I fear. Let the lady lie down at the bottom of the boat, and you take an oar, Fingal."

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN THE SHANNON RIVER.

Barney and Fingal seized the oars, and the boat shot out from under the arch.

De Courcey knelt by Una in such a manner as to shield her body from any bullets that may be fired at them, while he whispered to her:

"My dear girl, this has been a night of danger and of terror to you, but I trust it will soon be over."

"I trust it will, for your sake. The other side seems to be alive with soldiers," said the young girl, with a shudder. "They see us, I fear, from their cries."

"They do see us, but as we are close into the bank here, we may escape their fire yet. Have courage, and we will laugh at all this some day."

"Pull for your very life, brave captain," said Fingal, as he plied his own oar with great vigor. "I could pull you into the bank in a jiffy."

"I'll do my best, Fingal, but we are not all giants, you know."

And the stout outlaw did pull with tremendous force, as the boat shot down the river at a rate that would soon bear them away in safety, providing they were not hit by the bullets that were now flying around them.

The right bank of the river was now fairly alive with soldiers, some of whom rushed along on foot, while several horsemen galloped down also, as if intending to cut them off at the fatal ford.

The fugitives kept their eyes fixed on the right bank, hoping that none of the enemy remained on the other side.

But they were soon undeceived, as several horsemen were seen thundering along after them, shouting and yelling as they forced their steeds in pursuit.

"Mercy on me," said Una, as she clasped her lover's hand; "we are lost now!"

"Don't worry about the rascals on this side," said Barney, "as they will soon come to a halt at the deep creek below here. Beside, there is no path below through the wood."

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

Arthur Bosworth was hanged at Windsor, Vt., January 3, for the murder of Mac Labelle. He was the last man to pay the death penalty in Vermont by hanging. Hereafter, all murderers condemned to death in Vermont will be electrocuted.

Pupils and teachers of the Auburn school, Auburn, Col., were forced to beat a hurried retreat from the building when burning honey in the furnace caused such a smoke that remaining inside was impossible. Last summer bees made their home in the schoolhouse and stored their winter supply of honey in the ventilators of the heating plant. The bees were driven away, and no one thought of the honey until it melted and ran into the fire.

After hiding from guards for sixteen days within the walls of the Kansas penitentiary, Lansing, Kan., Dan Carney, whose escape from prison was reported November 30 last, was dragged from behind a condenser in the engine room and returned to his cell. Carney had been secretly supplied with food and drink by fellow convicts and had made several unsuccessful attempts to get beyond the walls. He is serving a six-year sentence for burglary.

Sam Keeton, a negro, is one of the most widely known "cattle kings" of eastern Kentucky. Forty-two years old, he has become rich through his dealings at the big markets. He cannot read or write, nor can he figure, but his wife is well educated and they are educating their children. Keeton's method of calculating is simple. For a dollar he makes a long mark; for a half dollar he makes a "little" mark; for a dime he makes a dot. As for the nickels, he says he pays no attention to them.

Senatorial pipe smokers have been barred from the Senate lounging rooms. Senator Lane, of Oregon, was the first to learn of the new rule. The Oregonian has an ancient and much beloved pipe, which, when going full blast, does not smell like a perfecto. He was enjoying a pipeful the other day, when told he would either have to confine himself to another kind of smoke or take his pipe outside. He did the latter, and now can frequently be seen wandering lonesomely about the Capitol corridors drawing on his pipe.

A striking illustration of the terrible human waste in war is furnished by the census just taken of the new Bulgarian territories acquired by conquest. The male population of that portion of Macedonia allotted to Bulgaria was reduced during hostilities from 175,000 to 42,500. In Bulgarian Thrace only 225,000 males remain out of a total before the war of 404,000, while in the district of Abistan-Patria, where fighting raged so long and so fiercely, only 1,000 males remain out of 133,000, and that is the number of males left.

For a layman to make an address at the grave of a friend in Prussia without the permission of the police is a punishable offense, according to the decision of a Court of Appeals just rendered at Cologne. A Privy Commercial Councillor, Heidemann, a manufacturer, had died, and his friend, Commercial Councilor Hagen, made some remarks at the funeral without having taken the precaution to get the consent of the police. Before the lowest court Hagen was acquitted, but the prosecuting attorney declared that the case was "one of fundamental importance," and carried it to the Court of Appeals, which fined Hagen 72 cents.

Watch dials, the dials of clocks, and the like, are cut out of thin sheet copper, and after being properly shaped, are covered with a white enamel, made of powdered glass, borax, and soda, reduced to a powder. The surface of the copper is first cleaned with weak acid and wet with gum water. The enamel is sifted on the plates, which are placed in an oven. The heat melts the mixture, and covers the surface of the metal with a thin white glaze. After being carefully heated, and then finished, the figures and other marks are painted on with black enamel, which is also subjected to heat, and baked until it becomes a part of the whole.

It was formerly believed that epilepsy could be cured by wearing a silver ring made from a coffin nail. Seven drops of blood from the tail of a cat and blood from a recently executed criminal were said to be valuable remedies for epilepsy. To cure a felon or run-around hold the finger in a cat's ear for half an hour. For toothache trim your nails on Friday or eat bread that a mouse has nibbled or carry in your pocket a tooth from a soldier killed in battle. For ramula of the tongue spit on a frog. For alcoholism drown an eel in brandy and make the drunkard drink the brandy. To cure warts rub the wart with a potato and feed the potato to a pig.

Many people regard the opal as an omen of ill luck, and the following will show how this superstition arose. Two or three centuries ago the stone was very popular in Europe, and the jewelers of Italy were especially cunning in its setting. At the height of its popularity came the plague which wrought great havoc in Venice. It was noticed by some observant persons in that city that when a victim was on the point of death his opal, if he wore one, brightened, while after death it became dull. The reason of this was the heightened fever made the stone become hot, and consequently very brilliant, while after death the chill and damp of the body dulled it. It was however declared by many that it brought death and misfortune to those who wore it, and as this superstition spread the stone fell into disrepute, and to this day people believe that the opal is a stone of ill luck.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Frank Gotch likely will not be seen in Chicago again in a wrestling match, or even in an exhibition bout, while the present city administration holds sway. This was brought out by the announcement that the Iowa athlete has decided to return to the game after a retirement of many months.

The physiotype is an English invention for making pictures by impression of leaves, ferns, lace, feathers and various other objects. It depends upon the chemical action of a fine powder. The object of which a representation is to be made is placed upon white paper and pressed, either by the hand or by other means. When the object is removed no impression is visible on the paper, but upon sprinkling the powder over the paper the picture at once appears, sharply defined, and remains permanent. Sections of wood and designs of coins and medals can thus be represented, and the prints can be transferred to lithographic stone, zinc or aluminum, thus producing records from which any number of copies can be taken.

Governor Charles R. Miller recently issued a statement in defense of the whipping post, and asserted that method of punishment for criminals in Delaware would continue until the law providing for it is repealed "regardless of any attempted interference by a member of Congress or of individuals residing in other States." In part he said: "The persons who have written me numerous letters, some of them abusive and insulting to the citizenship of the State, should pause to consider that State government in America is based upon a statutory law by men elected by the people. I shall uphold the State's courts in the administration of the law and warn all evildoers to give Delaware a wide berth if they wish to escape the whipping post."

One of the largest banyan trees known to exist was discovered on one of the Howe Islands, 300 miles from Port Macquarie, in Australia, and the space it covers is nearly seven acres. Five acres is the space covered by a banyan tree growing on the banks of the River Narbudda, in the province of Guzerat, India. It is distinguished by the name of Cubbeer Burr, which was given to it in honor

of a famous saint. High floods have at various times swept parts of this extraordinary tree, but what remains is nearly 2,000 feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems, and the overhanging branches not yet struck down cover a much larger space. The larger trunks of this tree number 350, and the smaller ones exceed 3,000, every one of which is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots to form other trunks. It is said that 7,000 persons find ample repose under its shade. What is reported to be the largest tree in the world is in Muscoli, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called the "Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses," and is, moreover, believed to be one of the oldest trees in the world. Five enormous branches arise from one great trunk, which is 212 feet in circumference. A part of the trunk has been broken away, its interior being hollow, and large enough to contain a flock of sheep, or two carriages can be driven abreast through it. Colonel William Henry Sykes mentions a banyan tree which he saw at the village of Mhow, in the Poona district of the Bombay presidency, which had eighty-eight descending stems, and constituted a grove capable, when the sun was vertical, of affording shade to 20,000 men.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Did your uncle mention you in his will?" "Just barely—it read: 'To my nephew, John, I bequeath nothing.'"

A little girl was watching her mother working among the flowers. "I know why flowers grow," she said; "they want to get out of the dirt."

"Is a college education a success for girls?" "It was a brilliant success in the case of my daughter. She is to marry one of her professors this week."

Egbert—I saw you at the theater the other night with a lady. A friend of the family, I suppose? Bacon—No; she is no friend of the family. She's my wife's mother.

"I understand when Smith went out for the first time in his new machine he struck quite a gait." "I believe he struck about a dozen gates before he finished the machine."

"Be mine. I cannot live without you." "Bah!" said the heiress. "You have lived without me for years." "True," retorted the Duke, "but the cost of living has gotten to me at last."

"Willie!" said his father, crossly, "I never used to ask so many questions when I was young." "I'm awful sorry, papa," Willie thoughtfully replied, "cause if you had maybe you'd be able to answer more of mine now."

"Say, boss, can I get off this afternoon about half past two?" "Whose funeral is it to be this time, James?" "Well, to be honest, boss, the way the morning papers have it doped out, it looks like it's going to be the home team's again."

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE MATTERHORN.

By Paul Braddon.

Some dozen years ago an invalid American lady named Mrs. Summers was staying near Zermatt, in Switzerland, for the benefit of her health. Her two boys, fresh from school, joined her for the holidays, glad indeed to have such a complete change from the monotony of school life. They never tired of wandering up the valleys or climbing part way up the numerous mountains which made Zermatt the headquarters of the Alpine Club. Of course, their excursions were limited, both by their promises to their mother and by the rules of Alpine exploration, which forbid any difficult ascent being attempted except with competent guides. But notwithstanding, they found plenty of places to ramble about, though it was their daily wish to make an ascent of a more difficult kind than those to which they were restricted.

"I mean to go up there when I'm grown up," said Ted, the younger of the brothers, to Rex. He pointed to the solitary peak of the Matterhorn, standing boldly out against the sky, its summit covered with perpetual snow.

"Wish I'd been Whymper," said Rex; "he was the first to ever go up. But mother won't hear of our trying it."

However, in the course of a fortnight a large concession was made in their favor. One of the most celebrated guides had a son of about twelve years of age, called Jean, an active, bright lad, who aspired to succeed his father in his dangerous calling so soon as he was old enough. But, young as he was, he had already made many difficult excursions, and even now was frequently employed to take the less adventurous tourists to some well-known spot. With this young guide the two boys struck up an acquaintance. Their talk was of a very polyglot character—for the English boys did not speak French well, while little Jean was decidedly weak in the English language; but notwithstanding these drawbacks they made capital friends.

Mrs. Summers was not unwilling to have Jean a companion of her sons in their rambles. So day after day the three boys made excursions in every direction, and found themselves accomplishing with comparative ease walks and climbs which were not to be despised even by the accomplished tourist. Youth and practice gave them considerable certainty and skill in surmounting difficulties and occasional dangers of Alpine climbing.

"I say, Jean," said Rex one day, "have you ever seen a chamois?"

"Yes, I did once," replied Jean, "but it was a great way off, and ran away before I got near. But my father has shot three."

"I'd sooner see a chamois than anything!" cried Ted.

"They are very rare now," said Jean, "especially so near to towns. You have to go a long way to find them."

"Farther than we could get in a day?"

"Oh, much farther."

"Then we must give that up," said Rex. "Look here, Jean, have you ever been to the top of that glacier?"

He pointed to a mass of ice that in the distance looked like a torrent of glistening water rushing down between two mountains.

"Yes, once; my father took me. But it is a long way."

"Can we do it in a day?"

"We might if we started early."

"Then we'll have a try at it. You shall have a couple of francs if we do it."

This was not a big bribe, but it was considerable to both Rex and little Jean. The latter was only too willing to make the attempt, but, fearing his father would never permit it if he knew, he resolved to do it without his knowledge, a fault that very nearly cost him dear.

"We shall want a rope," he said. "There are some deep crevasses, and we must be tied together as we cross."

"All right! Can you bring a rope?"

"I can get one of my father's, perhaps; he is away with a party going up the Matterhorn."

"That's capital! Meet us at seven to-morrow morning; we will be ready."

This was the first time that the boys had deliberately planned an excursion which would lead them far from the well-known routes. Once or twice before their enthusiasm had led them farther than they intended, but they could not help feeling that this was a different sort of thing, and Rex especially did not feel quite comfortable when he bade his mother good-night, telling her they were going for a long walk next day, and would have to start early.

"Take care of yourself, Rex," said Mrs. Summers. "Don't get into any danger; you know how anxious I am about you when you are away amongst the mountains."

"All right, mother; we shall come back safely, never fear!"

Even at seven o'clock the sun was bright and warm in the valley, and it was hard to imagine that on the surrounding mountain-tops its rays were not enough to melt the dazzling snow. The three lads set off in high spirits. Jean had managed to secure a good rope; he carried his own ice-axe and the others their alpenstocks. In an hour they were far above the level of the village, and amongst the tremendous mountains; another hour took them out of sight of houses, and they were alone.

"We don't seem to have come any distance," said Rex. "The glacier seems as far off as ever."

"It takes three hours to get to the foot," said Jean, "and we shall not get to the top till the afternoon. We can't get quite to the top at all, really; we must cross it as soon as we can and come back on the other side."

"Very well; let's go ahead as fast as we can."

In the course of the next half hour the American boys found themselves in a part of the country quite unknown to them. But Jean seemed to be familiar with the route, and piloted them upwards with complete confidence. They had to cross one or two small torrents and plunge through an occasional group of firs, but the path was not a difficult one on the whole, and Rex felt easier in his mind at finding they were encountering no dangers.

They reached a corner of a shoulder of the mountain about mid-day, and sat down to rest. Beside them was a precipice leading down to the glacier, parallel with which they now had to proceed. Above them frowned the everlasting hills, crowned with snow which glistened in the bright sun. They sat down to rest for half an hour and eat some of the sandwiches which they had brought with them.

"It was near here," said Jean, "that I once saw a chamois. He was standing on that boulder over the glacier—standing so still that he looked as if he had been cut out of the rock."

The boys gazed eagerly at the spot he pointed out, half hoping that they, too, might see one.

Suddenly Jean put his hand on Rex's arm, whispering: "Keep still! Don't you see it?"

They looked where he pointed; there was a chamois browsing quietly on the scanty herbage, ignorant of the fact that three pairs of eyes were watching his every movement.

The beautiful creature lifted his head and stood motionless in an attitude of attention. The boys crouched down and held their breath, though they were a quarter of a mile away. Suddenly he put back his ears, turned as if on a pivot, and sprang down the rock. Rex started to his feet in instinctive pursuit, forgot that he was on the edge of the precipice, and, missing his footing, disappeared from sight with a cry.

Ted lost his head, and would have jumped down after his brother, but Jean held him back.

The young mountaineer's eye soon caught sight of a broken part of the edge down which he might clamber a little way and have a better view. He descended quickly, and Ted's heart gave a great leap of joy as he heard Jean call out:

"I see him! He is on a ledge not far down. Untwist the rope."

By the time Jean had rejoined him Ted had uncoiled the strong rope and tied one end of it to a tree which grew near the edge.

"I will go down," said Jean, decisively. "You stay at the top and don't let the stones at the edge fall down on me."

It was not a difficult feat for Jean to accomplish; the descent of a rope is what most boys can manage. But it is a very different thing when the rope is swinging loose over a precipice nearly a thousand feet deep. However, Jean had a cool head, and his nerves were steady, so he let himself down quietly, not thinking of the danger he ran. He was soon beside the prostrate boy, and to his great relief found that his heart was still beating.

But now came a difficulty which for a moment dismayed even the plucky little Jean. The rope was long enough for him to attain the edge easily, but it did not reach to within nearly two feet of the rock on which Rex was lying. How was he to get Rex up?

A moment's thought solved the problem. "Ted!" he shouted. Ted's face appeared over the edge. "You must come down to me."

"Oh, I can't," cried Ted, who was in a terrible state of fright.

"It isn't hard if you're careful," said Jean. "Catch tight hold with your legs and come slowly. That's right."

Trembling fearfully, Ted managed to obey, and was soon on the narrow ledge beside his brother. Rex gave a sigh as Ted knelt beside him, but did not regain consciousness.

"Hold him up while I tie him," said Jean. Ted supported him carefully while Jean made a loop and slipped it securely under his arms.

"Now I will climb up to the top, and then you must

follow," said Jean. "It will take both of us to pull him up. Don't be afraid, the rope is very strong."

So the brothers were left alone while Jean climbed up. But to Ted's surprise he came down again, and despair was written on his face.

"I can't do it," he said. "The top overhangs so much that I can't get over it; there is nothing to catch hold of or to rest my feet against. It is impossible."

"Let me try," suddenly exclaimed Ted. "Perhaps I can do it."

"It's no use," replied Jean; "we must think of some other way."

He looked carefully around, and his eye rested on a small boulder which projected from the side of the precipice.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Quick, Ted—take down Rex again!"

They loosened the knot and once more laid Rex on the rock. He opened his eyes and looked feebly around, but again lapsed into unconsciousness. There was a bad cut at the back of his head, but there was no time to think of that now; the first thing was to get them all out of immediate danger.

"Now," said Jean, seizing the rope firmly with both hands and feet, "swing me, Ted. Don't be afraid; I shan't fall."

He leaped into the air toward the coveted boulder, and swung back again to the ledge. The impetus took him right into the air on the opposite side, and he was hanging over the glacier, with nothing between him and it. Ted seized his idea, and as he came back gave him a hard push toward the coveted spot; this time he came within a few feet of it. It was a terrible crisis; it seemed as if the daring boy must get dashed to pieces against the side of the rock, but he guided himself skillfully. One more swing and he was safe. He clasped the projecting boulder firmly and loosened himself from the rope, which swung back to within Ted's reach.

"Now, Ted," Jean soon shouted from above, "leave hold of the rope for a minute."

Ted obeyed, wondering what was Jean's idea. It was pulled out of reach for a moment, and then again lowered. This time there was plenty of it. Jean had taken it from the tree and was holding it in his hands. Ted was able to fasten it securely to Rex as he lay on the ground.

"Tell me when it is safely tied," cried Jean.

"It's all right," shouted back Ted.

"Then lift him up and hold him while I fasten the rope to the tree again."

This was soon done. Ted then commenced the ascent of the rope, and thanks to Jean's assistance at the top, he surmounted the difficulty of the overhanging ledge. In five minutes more all three were in safety. Rex's head was bound up, and Jean started in search of some water, leaving Ted by his brother.

Water was soon found, and Jean brought his hat full. Thanks to its icy coldness, it had a powerful effect on Rex, who in a few minutes was sufficiently recovered to hear of how he was rescued. After a while the boys were enabled to start on their homeward way.

GOOD READING

BUYS RENOWNED CARDIFF GIANT.

J. R. Mulroney, former president of the Fort Dodge, Iowa, Commercial Club, has closed a deal whereby he becomes sole owner of the celebrated Cardiff giant, fashioned from gypsum taken from the local quarries.

He paid several thousand dollars for it, getting title after following up the matter for two years and dealing with 160 heirs of the estate of the original owner of the great hoax.

He has not decided what he will do with his new possession further than that he will exhibit it at the Panama Exposition.

Together with the giant Mr. Mulroney gained possession of all correspondence concerning the big fake which was "discovered" in 1869 at Rome, N. Y., and which made a fortune for its discoverers as a new world wonder, a specimen of prehistoric man.

A NEW GUN.

They have been testing a new gun in England, a gun designed for aerial warfare, to be fired either from an aeroplane or at one. It is the invention of Colonel I. N. Lewis, U. S. A. (retired). It is claimed for this gun that it can be handled like a rifle and will do the work of a cannon. It weighs 26½ pounds. Three men can carry two guns and a tripod upon which to mount them. A pony can carry two guns and two hundred rounds of ammunition.

At Bisley one of the guns was mounted on a 50 horsepower Grahame-White aeroplane, piloted by Marcus D. Manton, with Lieutenant Stellingwerf of the Belgian army, seated beneath the pilot, as gunner. From a height of 500 feet and at an angle of about 50 degrees the gunner hit a white target, 30 feet square, eleven times out of fourteen shots fired in rapid succession.

It was tested on the ground also, both on its tripod mount and from the shoulder of the gunner. In the rapidity tests at 500 yards one marksman hit the target with 282 out of 470 shots. The Lewis gun has a normal rapidity of firing of 500 rounds a minute, with no appreciable recoil; it is kept cool by air, and so effectively that it can be fired continuously without overheating. When fired from an aeroplane it is fitted with a canvas bag to catch the empty shells.

FLIPPED A COIN FOR DISCOVERY CLAIM.

How two Alaska prospectors flipped a cent for discovery claim at the new gold diggings near Marshall City, on the Yukon River, is told by W. T. Ogler, a California mining man, the first arrival in Seattle from the reported new strike. Ogler is on his way south for the winter. "Two little work has been done so far to warrant a statement on the diggings," said Ogler, "but, if nothing else, it may develop into a good dredging proposition. The strike was made by a man named Rhoads, but he flipped a cent with his partner, 'Short' Gletcher, for discovery claim,

and lost it. "The only gold has been found eight miles from Marshall City on Wilson Creek, where the creek has washed into a gravel bank. About six feet of gravel showed at this point. The discovery was made too late to do much work this year, and when I left, only about six cents a pan was taken out at this point." Three weeks after the discovery was reported, the entire locality was staked, according to Ogler. Marshall City is a little more than three hundred miles from Nome. Wilson Creek is about twelve miles long. W. W. Johnson, a dredge owner of Nome, has sent men in with a test drill, expecting to put in a dredge next spring if it seems worth while.

A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

Relating a story of shipwreck stranger than fiction, Captain Charles Neilson, his wife, and year-old son, and a crew of eleven men, of the wrecked barkentine Amaranth, arrived in San Francisco recently from the South Seas.

For thirteen days the twelve mariners and the woman, clinging to her baby, braved the storm-swept South Seas, traveling 1,441 miles in two frail, leaky, 20-foot open boats, suffering from exposure, starvation, and thirst.

August 30th, the Amaranth left Australia for San Francisco with 2,000 tons of coal, and ran aground on the coral reefs of Jarvis Island. It was night. Everybody took to the boats. Battered and banged by the sea, with boats leaking, they finally landed on the island, three hours later.

They found Jarvis Island a desolate waste, without water. To stay there meant death. Fanning and Christmas Islands, the nearest habitated land, were only a few hundred miles away. Contrary winds and currents made it impossible to reach them. The nearest other inhabited island was Samoa. In leaky boats it was next to impossible to attempt the voyage.

"What'll we do?" asked First Officer A. M. Johnson.

"Patch the boats and take a chance," replied Neilson.

The crew, braving the sharks, waded out to the ship at low tide, and secured a scant supply of canned goods and water. Captain Neilson took his wife and baby, the cabin boy, the Japanese cook, and a few sailors, and started for Samoa.

At Danger Island the skipper expected to replenish his water supply. But before they got there the water ran out—except a few pints, which the men refused to touch, leaving it for the woman and her babe. Finally this was gone. They were still two days from Danger Island. The tropical sun beat down with parching intensity. It looked as if the babe would die. Then came a squall. They caught enough water to last until they made the island.

A small keg of the brackish stuff gathered from rock crevices on Danger Island lasted them until they got to Samoa. On September 15th, six hours after, First Mate Johnson and his exhausted companions had dragged their boats onto the beach.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

While staying at the court of Frederick II. of Prussia Voltaire presented Mme. de Pompadour's compliments to the king, who scornfully replied, "I don't know her." Out of vengeance for so much insult, as she deemed it, madame induced the weak-minded Louis XV. to convert his country's long-standing hostility against Austria into friendship. A Franco-Austrian army then took the field against Prussia, and as it was an easy matter for madame to enlist the practical sympathy of Elizabeth of Russia, who had been the subject of Frederick's indiscreet remarks also, half a million lives were lost.

PECULIAR JAPANESE RITE.

Segitera temple, in the province of Ise, Japan, is the scene each July of a peculiar rite dedicated to the worship of Acalanatha, the faithful servant of Buddha. The rite is known as a "goma" (a corruption of Sanskrit "homa") or "burning." Buddha taught that the cause of suffering is desire, and therefore the priests of the Shingon, a Japanese sect of Buddhism, kindle a fire to consume all human desires, at the same time offering prayers to Acalanatha. In one matter the rite may be said to defeat its own ends, for it attracts a crowd of farmers full of desire to obtain embers or ashes from the fire which is supposed to have consumed all desires. The tradition is that the possession of an ember or ashes from the sacred fire insures a farmer good crops the next autumn.

TAILLESS DOGS.

Philippe de Vilmorin has just completed some odd experiments to ascertain the influence of heredity on tailless dogs. There are several different breeds that have no tails, and these are fairly common in some parts of France and Germany.

In an effort to ascertain if absence of tail is hereditary in dogs, he brought about twenty-seven crosses between dogs of different breeds. He reports to the Academie des Sciences that when tailless is bred with tailless, the result is 5 tailless and 25 with tails. This is exactly in accord with the formula of Mendel, absence of tail being in such dogs dominant to possession of tail. Of the 75 tailless dogs 25 are pure bred, and the other 50 unite the two characters. The 25 pure will bear pure tailless progeny; the 50 mixed will bear in the same proportion, 25 pure tailless, 50 mixed, 25 with tails.

Breeds that normally possess tails are pure and will always have puppies with tails.

He makes no report on the effect of breeding tailed with tailless.

LEGLESS DEAF AND DUMB MAN EARNS LARGE WAGES.

With both legs cut off above the knees and deaf and dumb, William A. Boular, better known as "Deafy," of

Atchison, Kan., makes a larger salary than thousands who possess all their faculties and limbs. Boular is a brick-layer by trade. When employed at laying bricks for street paving contractors pay him twice the wages they do his fellow workmen, because they claim he lays twice as many bricks. Boular says, with his fingers, of course, the secret of it is that he doesn't have to stoop.

He lives in a suburb of Atchison, and, as his work often takes him several miles from home, he keeps a horse. He can hitch up a horse as fast as any one, and climbs into the cart unassisted.

Years ago Boular had his legs cut off by a railroad engine; owing to the fact that he was deaf he did not hear the warning signal. Since that time he has never been the object of charity, preferring to work for a living. He owns his home and has a wife, also deaf and dumb, and family. For paving streets Boular receives from \$5 to \$6 per day.

DEEP PLACES IN THE SEA.

Some surprising ocean depths around Porto Rico have been discovered by officers of the dispatch boat Dolphin, who are making soundings.

These seem to confirm the theory held by hydrographers that the Atlantic ocean in the vicinity of Porto Rico and Bermuda is of the greatest known depressed area, except that in some few places in the Pacific. Reports under date of January 20 received at the Navy Department from the Dolphin state that the record of 4,561 fathoms obtained by the Blake in 1882 has been surpassed by one made about 70 miles westward of the position of the greatest previously discovered depth in the North Atlantic. The Dolphin found bottom after 4,662 fathoms (over five miles) of wire had been run out. This is said to be the deepest spot so far found in the entire Atlantic.

As compared with depths ascertained in other parts of the world these soundings indicate that the next deepest places found in the Atlantic are in the Caribbean Sea south of the Great Cayman, where the ocean's bottom was touched at 3,284 fathoms.

The deepest spot in the South Atlantic Ocean is a place of 4,030 fathoms, lying 11 miles south of the equator, off the Brazilian coast. The most depressed portion of the crust of the earth so far recorded is in the North Pacific Ocean, and was discovered by Lieutenant Commander H. M. Hodges, in the Nero, who measured a depth of 5,269 fathoms. This depression is nearly equaled in depth by an area lying a short distance off the Kermadec Islands in the South Pacific Ocean, where the British ship Penguin ran out 5,142 fathoms of line in 1895.

The deepest place in the Indian Ocean, according to United States surveys, is where about 3,293 fathoms have been found. In the Antarctic regions the greatest soundings taken show 1,995 fathoms, and in the Arctic Ocean a depth of 2,650 fathoms has been reported.

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Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch.

It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

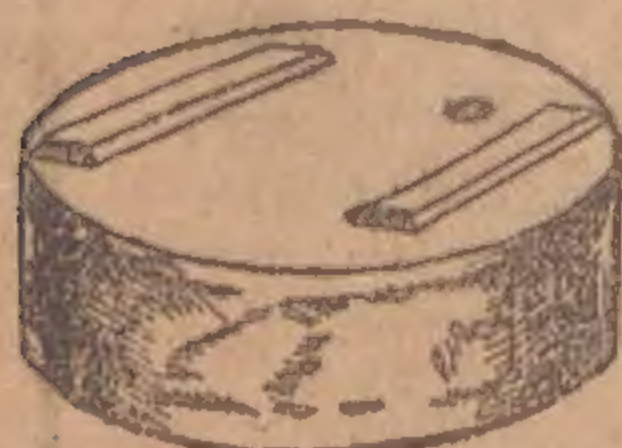
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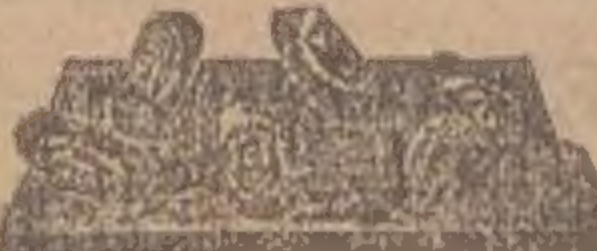
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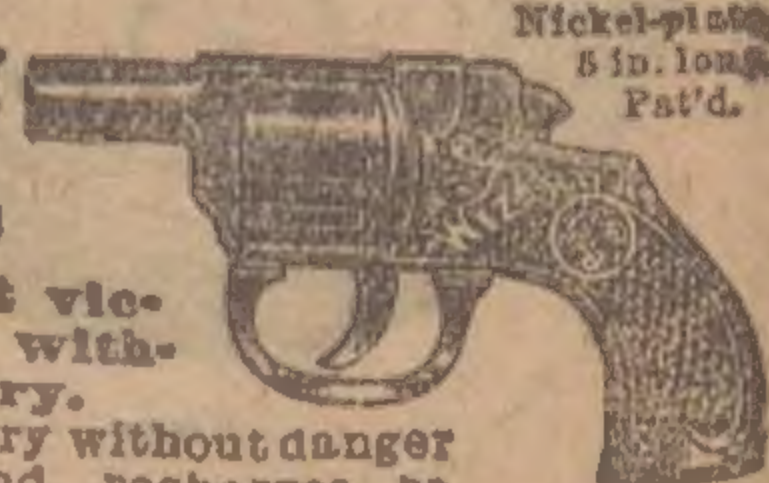
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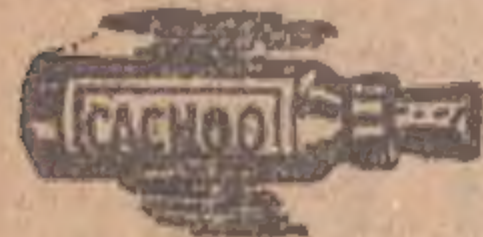
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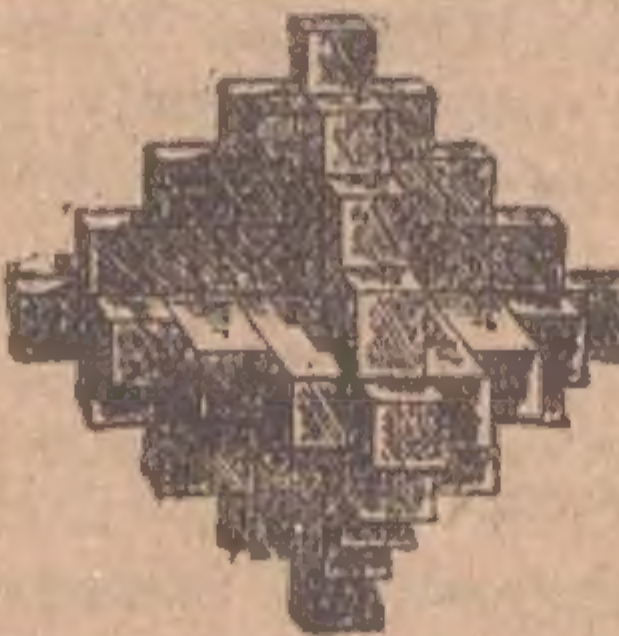
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